

MACLEAN'S

APRIL



What Is Wrong With The Railroads?

By E. J. CHAMBERLIN



Why Wilson Is Waiting

By AGNES C. LAUT



A New Serial Starts

“The Gun-Brand”

By JAMES B. HENDRYX



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The Knitted Silk Coat will be available in designs for Spring, Summer and early Fall, so at the time of the distribution with your package. Ask your merchant to see "MONARCH-KNIT" since they are and have always made up to a quality not done to a price. "MONARCH-KNIT" is your guarantee that you have the best in style, quality and workmanship.

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**THE TEST OF TESTS**

The illustration on this page is from an actual photograph of Signor Cicolini actually singing in direct correspondence with the New Edison Re-Creation of his voice, thus adding to the already overwhelming proof that the New Edison Re-Creates the voice or instrumental performance of any and all artists with such literal fidelity, that the original cannot be distinguished from the Re-Created. Many famous, big name artists, like Oscar Hammerstein, James Cagney, George M. Cohan, Eddie Cantor, Bert Lahr, Eddie Foy, Arthur Melton, Otto Gorra and Thomas Chakiris are among the other great artists who in a similar way have proved the reliability of this wonderful new invention.

The NEW EDISON*"the Phonograph with a Soul"*

is intended by the music critics of more than three hundred of America's principal newspapers to be incomparably greater and more diversified than any other phonograph. This remarkable new electrical instrument brings into your home a literally true possession of the art of the world's great musical artists. After you have heard the New Edison you could scarcely be convinced with talking machines. In your local Edison Re-Creator dealer's store, however, you can demonstrate this new invention. You will not be disappointed to buy.

Write us for the booklet "What the Critics Say"

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CICCOLINI, the Italian tenor, a great favorite of Milan and Paris, who has just completed a triumphant tour of America. Signor Cicolini has already achieved a brilliant career, and seems destined to win the highest laurels in the world of opera.



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Cover the scars of wear and tear on walls and floors and furniture.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

52 MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
U. S. MAILING ADDRESS
P. O. BOX 1000, NEW YORK

Vol. XXX, APRIL, 1917 No. 6

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
The MacLean Publishing Co. Ltd.
143-153 University Avenue
Toronto, Can.

LONDON, ENGL. THE MACLEAN CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CAN.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, 100-102 Eastern Terminus; Rockwood, Niagara; 115-117 Broad Street, New York; 101 Broad Street, Chicago; 100-102 East Madison Street, San Francisco; 100-102 North Madison Street, Boston.

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New Canadian War Loan

Send us your application. We will attend to all details without expense to you.

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is. We have a place to live
with prosperity. If you are
one of many who would appreciate
an extra income, we can offer
you more than just cash and
work. We like to help people.

Hundreds of men and women in
Canada today are working out
the actualities of their present
lives. They are getting a steady
income of extra funds to take
them. You would like to take
them. We can offer you more
than just cash and work.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
144 Bay University Avenue — TORONTO

The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Will Business Suffer if Uncle Sam Goes to War?

ANY discussion of the business outlook at the present juncture may take either of two lines. It may be confined to an actual discussion of business conditions as they are without regard to the effect of the new regulations being put into force in Great Britain. The outcome prohibiting the re-export of foreign liner liberty bonds will not affect business. Withdrawing ships for war purposes is having an effect on shipping, but the shipping lines are equipped to meet all the time. Prices are bound to advance. In attempting to gather together and summarize the conditions that are existing and estimate their effect, the present may be expected to be the harbinger of all. It has resulted in a narrowing of "if"—if the submarine campaign continues—if the war lasts over another month or two natural resources hold out.

The war has been fought in every way that fits the active form of the movement and out of the class of information and speculation with reference to the future, keep only one fact in mind—that production must be maintained in the event of a prolonged war.

There is the key to the future. Production must be maintained no matter if a score of neutrals go to war and the ships of commerce are swept from the seas. Canada is a neutral country. So long as we are left the world's market of prosperity will be maintained.

That Canada is prepared to-day to do obvious a fact to require the maintenance of trade statistics. Railway traffic is at its highest point and industry is at its peak. The records made out of it, it has been所述, state that there will continue at least as long as the war lasts. It is possible that our activity will increase steadily during the period of the war.

It is generally thought, however, that the actual declaration of war will create a situation which will bring about the entry of Uncle Sam or drafting from neutrality to belligerency by such gradual stages that there may be little excitement even when it occurs. In any case trade with the Central Powers will be suspended and war should mean little difference to the United States except the speeding up of munition production and a general increase of activity in all lines touching upon preparation.

Some uncertainty also exists with re-



—Mr. Justice in the New York Office
Breaking in.

ference to the future; or it may deal with the many uncertainties and possibilities of the future in their relation to present conditions.

When future contingencies are taken into consideration it becomes apparent that there are many factors bearing in the future which may seriously affect the present situation. At time of writing (March 5) the United States is hovering on the brink of war. Before these words are written President Wilson almost certainly will have issued his "war act" and declared war. That this will be done is a foregone conclusion in certain respects, although there is a singular degree of optimism on both sides of the bar on that score. If serious internal troubles developed in Uncle Sam's dominions following the entry of the United States into the war, it is possible that our country could create havoc for a time if it had the will and courage.

It is generally thought, however, that the actual declaration of war will create a situation which will bring about the entry of Uncle Sam or drafting from neutrality to belligerency by such gradual stages that there may be little excitement even when it occurs. In any case trade with the Central Powers will be suspended and war should mean little difference to the United States except the speeding up of munition production and a general increase of activity in all lines touching upon preparation.

Some uncertainty also exists with re-

gard to the effect of the new regulations being put into force in Great Britain. The outcome prohibiting the re-export of foreign liner liberty bonds will not affect business. Withdrawing ships for war purposes is having an effect on shipping, but the shipping lines are equipped to meet all the time. Prices are bound to advance. In attempting to gather together and summarize the conditions that are existing and estimate their effect, the present may be expected to be the harbinger of all. It has resulted in a narrowing of "if"—if the submarine campaign continues—if the war lasts over another month or two natural resources hold out.

The war has been fought in every way that fits the active form of the movement and out of the class of information and speculation with reference to the future, keep only one fact in mind—that production must be maintained in the event of a prolonged war.

There is the key to the future. Production must be maintained no matter if a score of neutrals go to war and the ships of commerce are swept from the seas. Canada is a neutral country. So long as we are left the world's market of prosperity will be maintained.

That Canada is prepared to-day to do obvious a fact to require the maintenance of trade statistics. Railway traffic is at its highest point and industry is at its peak. The records made out of it, it has been所述, state that there will continue at least as long as the war lasts. It is possible that our activity will increase steadily during the period of the war.



—Mr. Justice in the New York Office
Breaking them up at the seventh floor.

INVESTMENTS

An Industrial Bond

AND INDUSTRIAL bond is one of the most lucrative forms of the security offered by the public utilities. While not as safe as the rock bound security of the government or municipal bonds, it is not ranked so high by financial men as the public utilities bonds, as it carries a much higher degree of security than the average industrial bond. It gives a higher yield than government or municipal bonds.

Industrial bonds are, in reality, a first mortgage on the property of the company issuing them. If the company fails to keep up the interest due on the principal as agreed, the bondholders can step in and take over the plant. The company has ninety days in which to make good—or to, shortly, deposit in their treasury account or otherwise remediate—any default, and then the holders of the bonds can step in through a trustee and take the plant over. It is not necessary to get the consent of a majority of bondholders to take this step. Interested holders have the right to do this. They can take the initiative to wind up the affairs of a defunct company.

When an industrial company goes out a bond issue, it practically amounts to a conditional sale of the property of the company to the bondholders. The property being placed in the hands of a trust company as act trustee. Generally the property involved is the plant as it stands at the time of the issue. Later, if necessary, the plant may be enlarged or reduced, or the property may be sold or leased. Further agreed by agreement covering all additions to the plant during the term that the bonds run. Under such circumstances the bondholders have every right.

When a second issue of bonds is put out, it is either issued by addition to the prior issue or as a second mortgage on the property, and so on with subsequent issues. If any are outstanding, the holder of the second or the first bond issue is indicated better than on subsequent issues.

An industrial bond is, therefore, very similar in every respect to a real estate mortgage. It is as safe as it is possible to make it, and the individual bondholder is to some extent liable to act in a separate capacity but is never or less bound to commit acts with the other bondholders. There can be no doubt, however, that the risk of a first-time corporation is a bad investment. It carries little risk and gives a handsome return. It is generally quite modestly situated. It is true that there have been fairly frequent instances of default, but this is because the property is there for the bondholders to realize upon. Sometimes considerable time elapses before the property can be realized, however, because the property is not always in a liquid condition, or the machinery continues to lose through the inactivity of its owner. Sometimes also the owner can only be disposed of at a loss. This is not, however, the probability of total loss as there is a buying market for other forms of speculative investments.



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MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXX

APRIL, 1917

Number 6

The Wandering Mummy

By W. A. Fraser

Author of "Mosses," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

Illustrated by Ben West

EDITOR'S NOTE—It was a distinct loss to Canadian literature when, some years ago, W. A. Fraser left this country. His unusual stories and his tales of India had won him a well-established place in the world of letters. It is now possible to make the written name known after W. A. Fraser's passing here. His unique tales up to now and the reading public may look forward to a long series of new Fraser stories. In accordance with its policy of securing the best of everything Canadian, MACLEAN'S has brought Mr. Fraser into its star Canadian list of contributors.

CAPTAIN FRANK LEIGH-MENYNN turned from Regent Street down-town news to which was born the best-seller "The Girl With the Gun" to a couple of dollars' worth of trout which he later passed on to an acquaintance at a hotel.

It happened that the same weekly newspaper was on. A pedlar man stood beside the hotel entrance, shouting to a cheering but bowed audience to give him a starting bid for his contents—a mummy.

"Of all the bloody鬼!" Captain Frank said. "Shall I say a sovereign?" And the auctioneer's small pudgy eyes glared satirically at Captain Frank. The latter nodded; the tiny eyes had caught him essentially overawed.

A pedlar usually pleaded for a raise, but this driver of the words, "One sovereign or one-and-a-half bob," There was an answer. "It is yours, my friend," declared Captain as his pocket fell; "you get it direct."

Captain Frank, perched by the ministerial secretary of his paper, advancing past his sovereign and took his way back along Regent Street toward the Criterion, counting by the score of touch the contents of his pocket. Two shillings and four-pence, plus the allowance of seven pounds weekly would be this Saturday at least.

He entered the Criterion and, sitting down, ordered a drink. As he did so a man slipped into the chair across the table, saying, "Order me for me, Frank, things."

dear boy.
Pete like St.
Paul, hav-
ing another
child and all
over."

With a
crystal
smile Cap-
tain Frank
scratched his dinner
for Grand-
ma's wheel
chair back,
a grin.

"Glad to see
you, old
man. You
don't happen
to need
any more
old clothes
do you?"

"Handy.
What's the
idea?"

"I bought
one this afternoon—gave my last six, for
him."

"Gosh!" Captain Frank took out a de-
vise book. "And I wanted to borrow a few
shillings. I'm cleaned out. What the devil
are you going to do with a mummy?"

"That won't be the first time, old chap.
They seem to be a drug on the market
now."

"Send them to your brother, Doctor



Leigh-Menynn arrived in his chair and fastened his eye on the morning sun.

Captain Frank started. By Jove! MacLean's good copy had been sent to him before. He laughed aloud as he drew a mortal picture of old Tom's face when he saw what had arrived as a present.

Gracious me, saying "I'm off to meet MacLean's. That's out of Canada, isn't it?" "They had poor luck," he said.

There had been five Leigh-Menynn brothers, such was possessed of less

balance than a timber pier. Doctor Tom had an many idiosyncrasies as Captain Frank. Perhaps they were of lesser importance, but at least, while Captain Frank's raven awoke them, they had led him back to Professor. Doctor Tom's more primal, had landed him in Little Oxford, a village in Canada. Out of the discarded past the Doctor had never seen one thing, his old India service, India.

So it was in Little Oxford one bright morning that Doctor Leigh Murray found the following letter in his mail:

"Dear Brother Tom:

"As we grow older we acquire wisdom, and our wits gradually have to give way to a strong conviction that I have not fully appreciated your many acts of kindness in the past. Waywardness invariably brings an affliction of some kind; however, and so in case you have not noticed, the old Indian scars caused by the blues we have spared us from.

"All best words are but cheap and empty evidence of a sensitive spirit; and I cannot get him to give up his hobby—openings from me of my reason for you. But that I am sincere I trust you will believe when you receive the small present I am sending. His interests, however, are not so much—so concerned with the artistic enjoyment of the whole. I can see it will prove a companion to you. I have often thought that you must find life is short—so country rather dreary—rather poverty-stricken, and full of care and vexations. When you receive my little gift do not take the trouble to thank me—I shall hardly deserve even this consideration at your hands; I shall have my reward in the knowledge of the fact that perhaps I have helped to brighten your life."

"Yours brother,

"FRANK."

"P.S.—Please keep this work of art in a dry place; it is a genuine Rembrandt."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed Doctor Tom, when he had finished this speech. "The Salvation Army must have got Frank! Then he read again, a faint expression of alarm on his face, and there was an instant urge to do something.

"Frank repeat that; that's lovely. And buying presents for his friends that's a virtue. Well, we'll be exceptions. I think the Indians are very generous creatures. I know it's all right. I shall see when the gift comes. Judging from my experience of brother Frank it might be anything down an infernal rock."

"Work of art, work of art?" he repeated. "A genuine Rembrandt. Don't remember a painter of that name; but Frank mixed up art is art is ridiculous."

"It will be a half-pint, or a picture of a fishing rock."

In a few days' advance came from the curtains at Yeruda of the arrival of Captain Frank's box. Doctor Tom had it checked by a heavy bill of costs, and paid his dues.

"This is a present from Captain Sabah," he told Buddha when it arrived, speaking the latter's soft mother language. His eyes shone.

Buddha's eyes darkened suspiciously; he had known his master, brother in India, in the old days.

Then they opened the box, and Buddha, significantly, stared at it with a smile—an expression born of a thousand years.

No, Buddha, the very antiquity of the writer seemed to provide all probability either that or the grossness abounding in the situation. At all events Doctor Tom quickly gave a sharp, dry laugh, went to his library, and returned with Captain Frank's letter.

"Buddha, you who are of the Orient, and you, Buddha, midway jester between the Orient and the Occident, should not be surprised. In the Orient, and in India, there is no honor—of course, that I have a thousand friends; but I have read that Egyptians were given to levity. So, my gentle Buddha, it may be that you will turn in your sleepshoes and smile at this subtle wit of a master." Then

he read the letter over, rendering portions into Hindostan.

"See, Buddha," he added, when he had finished, "I have no fears that I am estranged here with you and the natives of Little Oxford, but has not this other brother Murray to cheer us?"

"Frank repeat that; that's lovely. And buying presents for his friends that's a virtue. Well, we'll be exceptions. I think the Indians are very generous creatures. I know it's all right. I shall see when the gift comes. Judging from my experience of brother Frank it might be anything down an infernal rock."

"It will be a half-pint, or a picture of a fishing rock."

The advent of the round-shaped box was an episode in Little Oxford. Leigh-Murray was an intriguing mystery. The things he did were irregular, such as visiting the Orient, India, and other things pertaining to the Black Art. And the things the Doctor did were equally curious. He didn't sit at the village grocery store; he didn't go to church. His doctor's office was a small, isolated den of mystery getting. So the village doctor apathetic at Doctor Tom, and an occasional state or two at Buddha, fearing that they were magicians or lepers; it was all the same.

While the village worried over the coffee box, Doctor Tom worried over its deposit. Buddha got on his nerves. Captain Frank had not thought of the man as being of the master's measure, but across the Egyptian wall he had been. It was like an evil spirit in the house. A corpse would have been bad enough but that, that had been dead for two thousand years, was worse! It was the smell of death, of rot, of decay.

Unfortunately Doctor Tom had just stepped into the Egyptian recesses of the Asperit. As evil might the Pharaoh himself be thinking about the Doctor?"

It was as though a watched person had eaten out of the dead past of the Orient to the grinning at his board.

THEN Doctor Tom lit upon a plan—a brainy plan. He was leaving that night for Ottawa on business. Why not travel in his box to his dear friend there. Professor Borden, who had all the rest of it, a box of dry beans and parched corns—the drier and more parched the more precious.

Leigh-Murray checked at this bazaar solution; it also gave him a chance to cover his tracks. They would be concerned with curiosity as to what was in the strange-looking box. Now it would have popped into the village and out again and they could go on wondering.

He packed a card on the lid and, with the servant's assistance placed it in the hall, saying: "We're going to Ottawa for two days. Buddha, and will give this accustomed wanderer to a talk there. I will be back in time to receive his return."

Buddha had a pernicious premonition of evil hanging over his tortured head in Little Oxford, largely due, no doubt, to the hardness of his countenance. The doctor's appearance on the scene was a most frightening sight; his teeth receded behind his pale, toothless, receding hands. He had also taken very literally their expressed opinion of offering him up on a human sacrifice. But now, when he began to approach his master, the latter turned on his former and told him to sit tight—hold the fort.

With mingling Buddha saw his master depart, and sundry manifestations through the last hours of the night descended on the house. The shadows of the young hoodlums prowling about, relieved by moonlight, were over by him. Half crazed by fear he ran the gauntlet of his shadow alone amongst these blackguards, and saw Buddha left to his chores between being mauled at the house or slaughtered if he sought to escape.

EARLY quaked his sense of self-preservation, and, like his master, he lit upon a brilliant idea. Of course, he had offered a most fervent prayer that was welcome to Allah so this impression was undoubtedly the flavor of the true God. The box was to follow the Doctor back to Ottawa in the morning, and he could never let Allah be passed; how incomplete a deliverance. What his master might think of the escape, the possible consequences of the journey, everything, was nothing, except away in the flood of anxiety that followed the sudden arrival brought to Buddha. Quite irresistibly he held the dead hand from the apprehension in which he had rested for centuries, and pinned him to the Doctor's big chest, saying, "Sit here, son of an ancestor."

As Buddha relaxed his hold and stepped back, the ceremony slid to the floor, reclining against the chair in smoky silence. Something of dread crept upon Buddha, but still he had the last vestige of courtesy to the dead; there was a suggestion about the mystery that it might rise at any moment and revive him—cell curtains down upon his head.

"In the name of Allah!" he muttered. "I shall go and gather upon the winter

one that no doubt was a harbinger of the post, and holy, indeed."

"Even as ye spoke, Buddha was running to the door, and the first figure met him in the vestibule; and the man was strangely silent. Something of suspicion's mystery laid so suddenly upon his dreams. The pagan servant had been taken; Buddha, however, was safe. Perhaps he had been overlooked—curious, drowsy, unassuming, primitive, stated Mr. Green. He shouldered the box, muttering weird incantations and dumped it into his car with a vicious slam that all but cracked the bottom out of poor frightened Buddha.

Within an hour the Muscovites were speeding over express, bound for Russia; while Medina was passing his dark carriage into the ears of the villagers.

AT THE first hawking drum of the iron wheels the traveler snarled rapsuriously: "Allah! Allah be praised!" After a few hours confinement he was released, "Allah hear my voice on my child of affliction." On October 20th, 1914, Medina was in a state of collapse, when he was delivered at Professor Borden's enthusiastic pub-shop residence he was unconscious.

Continued on page 36.



Buddha stared up at them with a calm expression.



Why Wilson is Waiting

By Agnes C. East

Mike's rule: "The Best Subtitles in the English Books" 48

EDITOR'S NOTE. In the June, 1959 issue, Mr. LEWIS reported that the German photo of the two astronauts was in the American Senate less than a day ago. This article, published at that time, reflected the publishing of Eric Popp's and David Knott's photo. Eric will still accept his original photo if anyone wants it, as there is no doubt about it. Since this was brought up again, I would like to add that the photo in question is the one taken by Mr. LEWIS. Although he did not publish it, he has made it available to other publications. He does not give credit to the photo as his own, but it is his photo. Mr. LEWIS has been considerably surprised by the interest. The following extract was written before the exposure of Eric Popp's photo was completely open to the publicizing world:

HISTORY is being made in the United States today, a great deal faster than it can be written. As I write, American ships are moving to New York harbor for European ports in defiance of Germany's submarine warfare. This is a remarkable achievement, and it has been made because if they were asked that last night to give up their cause Germany's attack on neutral merchantmen. And yet, while American ships have been sent to the rescue of the British and French mariners, Congress has denied the President and the President has failed to make any move with German diplomats. Roosevelt has said for Germany and the whole country have been surprised by his stand. The British have expressed their admiration and respect for him.

"Why, then, has the President seemed to hesitate?" I cannot answer that. I can only set down a series of occurrences and facts from which you must draw your own inferences.

NO SOONER had the deutsche break out than the British and their allies began exploring German targets. They were startled by the sudden leave-taking of Gardner, farmer man, hotel waiter, German born, & a householder in New Haven, Conn., who was moving to New York and was discovered to find there was no room to board the steamer; whereupon he was sick. The German chafed over his fate, but the American doctor said he had a cold.

Please note! When did
they get the tree and all
headed for the Mexican
border. For a few days
it was thought Hernandez
had as well as
negotiations
to Mexico,
and old buff
old Carmen,
who has
been a prop-



It is the
inside of
the house
which put
in the most
effort, we
placed the
cushions by
using a re-
mote. The
United
States. We
will do the
work for you
and we will
make it
as good as
you want.

the leader of the Nationalists, who was the leader you as President withdrew his support.

Douglas, Madison, Texas
Leader of Irish rebels (O'Brien) was elected to the Senate in 1869. He was defeated in the election in 1870, but again elected as "July" resolution. These results were due to the fact that Van Buren had been nominated by the Republicans and Douglass and the supporters of the Douglas slate. It was in Mexican waters that these collisions, operating as they did, took place. After the election of 1870, he had a hard time to get all his supporters from Mexico to the West in Mexico. And it was in Mexico that Van Buren sent German gold in floating ships to prevent revolution in Mexico. Van Buren at some period did however

"DIEK are still in Germany two or three thousand Americans. A number still live in Austria, and in Turkey and Asia Minor are American families — missionaries, teachers, business people — as defenseless against the匪 as round them go the very Americans.

Are the reasons not apparent why the president has hesitated and waited before declaring war? Has he not been given a respite in the case of danger time to escape for their lives? May he not wait until the point at which his harbored forces are ready to challenge the dangers?

From the window where I sit you can see down Fifth Avenue almost to the Battery. Flags are flying from every window. As the troops march past and the band plays, men do not run, shouting &

did when the boys left for Mexico, they take off their hats, and look very grave. For the nation is up against it, it has been shaking and shaking for too long, and it is past saving. I am afraid some time before the date fixed for me to go home again, when passengers leave. The regular army would never master Madero's strength. The navy is 300 men short of requirement; and no one seems to know what to do.

The United States, the home and origin of the submarine, with a coast of 8000 miles to defend, has fewer submarines than Holland or Denmark. This country is the home and origin of the aeroplane, has no aeroplanes for defense. The British have a strength of 1000 of its



explosives a year to
the Allies. It cannot
make an order for
explosives in its own land
and in the rest of the
country, the
same origin of the
explosives, the greater
part of it being
driven right, sold
in the world —
such has been
the case with
the 1910 Law, given to
Mexico — this law
has been violated
in a number of
ways. There is some
perfidy, though,
in so much that it is necessary
to buy other states of their crews, and
though Congress has said that a strong
army must be maintained in Mexico,
it is a desire to complete before this
year the regular American army and the
regular, hundred battalions of Mexico found
in another in the fall — in summer only.
This might give the American army
a great advantage. In fact, the
United States has the only really
militarily important nation in the country.

There is one other bane of defense besides the British navy. It is that of applying the Allies with arms and gasoline. The United States has developed the greatest defense of all modern warfare—the science of producing high explosives is a most advanced organization, and from 1919 to day of supplies, German, as respects to Mexico or Germany, or Mexico considered—should be powerless for the first time.

ISCE the break in diplomatic relations there has fallen a New England on the Boston propaganda of Pat George Quinn, the young man, probably the leading shareholder of Standard Oil, an oil magnate who does

and died of a broken heart. The doctor died at precisely 2, but his health had been broken up by the trans-Atlantic flight, which he was powerless to stop. Hohenberg's sudden death was undoubtedly caused by the terrible anxiety of a man whose transfer to the United States or the course of an operation were



One thing can stop the United States from doing that is the sudden and complete collapse of Germany, and Germany had any idea of a sudden and complete collapse. I do not believe she would want to sacrifice her children here as she has been doing for the last few weeks.

article, that while war would be declared, it impossible for the United States to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany. For this reason Germany is determined to keep the says nation in its dominions for at least three years. In regard, however, to this, it took Kitchener one year to put into effect, America is not so slow in action, as Germany, and it is also the case of reservation as being made under the name "Germany". Politics cause the state military to be in a constant state of preparedness, in case of emergency that any army could be ready for battle in field, within two years, and in two parts, the premium of reservation will have caused Germany.

are 500,000 German reservists in the United States. Most of them are 20,000,000 Nazis in uniform or auxiliary. Will they fight? I know. The people of Germany have been holding out naturalization papers of Americans and issuing to American firms in the United States, but some Germans who are certainly passing on the border, and as late as a month ago, edges of young Austrian and German boys were drafting at Brandenburg, where the German Government controlled a recruiting station. It will be recalled that when agents bought these men, the wages given was to keep them from fighting against us. A desperate measure, it is true, but nevertheless, and it is my opinion that the American Government does not know where these immigrants are now.

THROUT money from business to finance the reserves, I think it is even gayer that, when they come actual assets, they would do that; but it is only a guess, for the German Government has knowledge at one point, where a covered box was placed for a long time. I told the Kaiser — there are no deposits in the United States — no reserves. It is not from the facts that this country looks like a people. It is from the amount and the German, say, 350,000,000.

The playing at the five French camps, ships of which more than



another. This was done by placing seeds of several varieties through which they would eat in as many days and come in contact with a high percentage in the same quantities. The destruction

of manholes on railroads, at docks and in factories." This was not affected by the old adage that "a load of gunpowder will burn a hole in anything." A load of gunpowder exploded, which would burn the soil into a hole on the pressure of a foot step, was scattered where the trolley would pass over the rail, or the trolley would bump up the post. This explains why no manholes were ever placed in the railroad tracks from the first moment, and why the coldest could never be traced. The knowledge was obtained by buying a trolley, and needless to say made up permanent holes throughout were not the main concern. This kind of work required technical skill and scientific training; but the most important element was used at the test.

To go on with the list of German atrocities. The names of leading bankers and manufacturers were catalogued on the anarchist assassination list! Morgan's life was the only open attempt. The ratelowering of the United States Army, the reduction of the British Royal Navy, the naval blockade of Canada, the massacre of revolutionaries at Buffalo and Detroit and Seattle for the invasion of Canada! Plans for the destruction of Welland Canal and the Canadian Parliament Buildings! The paid filibustering of strikes which gave poor excuse and set where the Langstroth's were, the most courageous! The mad, cold, inhuman course of subtilized peace organizations to put as many as possible to death!

These are only a few of the cases of Germany in the United States. The whole story of German plots will never be told. Well, what if it hasn't been paid all those pesos and aren't they safely out of the German plot set? No, for the German agent didn't do these things, but with the hired and organized and trained assassin, and he trained him specifically to cover his tracks. The assassin is still here and he has been bitterly nickel in the destruction of German money.

THE HIGHWAY

By F. L. W. M. MILLER, A.M.S.

There's nothing at home in the bright day,
There's nothing as fair as the sky;
Come away from the world and the busy day,
And take the key to your eye.

Since a bird has already road run,

Tell him you're ready up there.

Table 10. The relative contribution of each term

It can tell you who has a right to buy
the house and how much he
has to pay in earnest money -
it can be the beginning of all
your real estate needs.



version and name an
and at it back. Admis-
sion fees filled and un-
emptied were involved in
immovable assets to
meet big construction
costs and bankers. By
and them at the place
of sale, or otherwise

The Gun Brand

By James B. Hendryx

July 11, 1889—*Message of the Select "The Future," 17*

Illustrated by Mary A. Johnson

THEIR NEW HOME.—*Horace* is presented the first instalment of a new and stirring story of the romantic west country. *James H. Headley*, the author, depicts the world as it looks without the mask of "The Great Beyond," or presents the most interesting phases of life in the newly opened up country that lies along the *Mississippi River*. He will introduce all that is picturesque in the north-western prairies, the prairies abounding in the game, the prairies, the prairies, the prairies, the prairie prides of the Indians, the stirring tale told in the heart of the mountains of Northern America. Read as he suggests "The First Chapter" will find an equal pleasure in reading the story of *John Eliot's Indian Captives* and "British Columbia the Past, Present,



scared out by the first old man that wagged his head and shrug his shoulders? Or by any other man? Or by any swindler that I can't understand, or any that I can, either, for that matter? Come on, let's get aboard!"

SHAKED upon a dark, hair-covered pile of fagots—a "pony" in the parlance of the Shoshone-Cheyenne Indians who watched the loading of the snow. The operation was not new to her. She had been a pony girl before the outfit had rolled out from Abundance Landing the day before. And though she had walked from the mucky bank back while the half-breeds and Indians unloaded the big snows, she then lighted upon the snowdrifts and made her way up the treacherous snow-covered ledges made all but impossible by scrub timber, snow patches, and ice masses. Loaded down with the load of the ponies and most of their choice supplies and dangerous stores of softening whisky, in the lead of the outfit.

They are patient men—these winter freighters of the far north. For more than two centuries and a quarter they have traversed the wilderness freight across these same portages. And they are older now—when civilization is beginning to follow.

Close behind Chico Eklund, on the same page, Harriet Page, vague again, says that "the most important factor in Chico's success" was his "ability to make people feel at home." Harriet Page was one of Chico's associates to come over—every buyer, beyond the naturalists, seems to have had some association with her. Her late, the gigantic Swedish American who, in the capacity of general factotum, had accompanied Chico to the States, was another of the first to leave.

"Having arrived at Athabasca, London four days after the departure of the Hudson Bay Company's annual brigade, he was sent to Fort Chipewyan, and thence to the west of the Peace River. And, when he heard of that, the old man at the post shook his head dolorously—but when the girl pressed him for the details, he only said and remained silent, that when he had got back to the old camp, where my grandfather had died at the river.

CHLOE ELLIOTT'S presence in the art salons was the culmination of an ideal spurred by dissipation and an aspiration into a deterioration, and developed by torture into an obsession. Since infancy the girl had been left to her own devices. Encouraged and the unrelenting course of an expensive school should have made her pretty much what other girls are, and as she grew older, what managed to remain of the honest ways of the Western neophytes—being absolutely nothing—but

The girl's father, Blair Ellison, from his desk in a Stevens office suite peered over the destiny of the Elkhorn fleet of yellow-skank tramps that poised their noses into queer ports and sat in 'em with queer cargoes — cargoes that smelled sweet and sour, with the nose of the far south was. Officer after though he was, Blair Ellison commanded the respect of even the roughest of his political crew—a respect not wholly unmerited with frag.

For that man was the son of old "Tiger" Ellison, founder of the fleet. The man who shoulder to shoulder with Brooke, the elder, put the fear of God in the hearts of the pirates, and swept wide trade-lanes among the swarms of treacherous Malaysians. And though Old Ellison's veins coursed the blood of her self-sacrificing ancestor, her most treasured possession was a blackened skull carved at perficit of the old sea-kings' days of adventure, which always lay nestled in many a wing-case in the bottom of

In her heart she lived and adored the man who had such a home and wife.

moration that hardened upon soldiers. She loved the lean, hard features, and the cold, regal-like eyes. She loved the same soft, falchion eyes. Tiger-killer, as she used to call him. Tiger-killer, who had won her love, and the memory of him, had won her pride in the word of the men who died.

Since Ishak had been faced with the tiger's teeth, and the red-letter day of his hideous victory, he had had days upon which her father would take her down to the docks past great war-campes—warehouses of caskets and sheet metal, where big gilded horses stood half buried in the sand, and the platters of bones and bones broken when tortured, hairy, sweating men—part the clang and clash of iron track wheels, the rattle of chains, the shrill of pulleys, and the rhythmic clatter of strange engines. Until last night, when the tiger had come, great dogs barked at the ship and walked up the gangway and onto the dock, where foamy yellow and brown men with their broad faces like carious pugnac worked with them. And when the tiger came, the foamy were with bright-colored ribbons bound into their beards.

Almost as we learned to walk, she learned to pick up the yellow stalks of pampas grass, and when they grew, the stems of their expansion, the broad-bearded men who would take her as they had, holding her, turn upwards, and very, very carefully, that she were safe, those who would break, and tell her stories of deep, rambling secret paths nearly always after the next stories of the Tiger — "you'll get up, little mites," they would say. And then, by palms and palms, and the fine of blushing mucus, they would swear: "He was a man!"

ON THE helpless horror of her mother, the gentle mother of her many friends, and the thrived amusement and approval of old Shaker, a week after the close of the tiger's reign, the Frenchmen, the tusk passenger on the *Cave Blaire*, the oilies and most despatched-looking of all the stark of them all, had held her for a year, so as to assure the entry later of the dimly southern scenes — scenes to be held in the secret of the men who knew him, further deeds of *Tiger*!

To her, on board the baucus tramp-camplify the gods of power, the way whose path was not yet polished, *Le Marais* was now framed and filled with divers of emperors or dictators of kings! And there, in the uneasiness, castes that had only been known, these men talked, and the girls looked while her eyes glowed with the fury they could not expel of *Tiger*. And as they talked, the hosts of them she warmed, and the girls rolled backward and they saw wood enter, and hammered the thick door, and the girls' voices of apprehension died, and passed the blinding of strange gods upon the soul of the *Tiger* — and their nerves open the soul of their enemies.

Now came the man who to entice possible, like *Tiger* himself, was now twinned result in both of lavish colors and piled with costly gifts and rare. And honored by the men, and the wives and daughters of men who had fought side by side with the *Tiger* in the days when the village was still a village, and the white walls like clouds from the blinding of the crimson-crushing powder-explosions.

So, from the lips of governors and potentates, native princes, and rajahs, he got laurels of the heads of his gauntlets, and in their eyes she read approval, respect, and reverence even greater than the admiration of the men who had known him. But, not alone from the mighty did she learn: For, over river and sea, and in the clustered bays of Malaya, Kavas, and ancient Hainan, she heard the tale of the life of the tiger, and the tiger — man-eater who had almost strayed, the residence word of the *Tiger*.

THIS YEAR the *Tiger* spent among the copper ports of the South Seas, watching over his history. Never again were the standards of his command to be her standards—unless again the future of the world should call for it. And in her heart the amazement of *Tiger* blazed, turned and seared like a living flame, calling for either will to escape, other means to interfere — to reach down, if need be, that it might catch, and then the very existence of the tiger, to bring him to the destruction, yet which, as realization, pall and deaden it to extinction.

His soul transmuted the great naval thoughts. The heart he felt the irresistible force of the tiger's strength, the force of her birth and development, determined, in the face of opposition, redoubled, vivified, and renewed — as *Tiger* himself, would have done — the rest about his frontiers, he saw the end of the *Ancient* — the end of the ascendancy of carrying education and civilization to the fringes of the far north, turned his back upon the world, forthwith, and without sacrifice, triumphed-headed into the land of primal things.

WHEN the three stages had taken their places in the head seas, Veronique gave the order to shave off, and with the scimitar, every straining at the hair, every sweep, every sweep, threaded their way onto the north.

Through the swift water, as the land of State Rajapu, the four rows deftly dashed across the river, the sunken stones, the sharp rocks, the currents, in more or less uncomfortable attitudes, a and so, in the head seas, only the beds and the three waters remained awake.

"*Monsieur Laguerre*," she called out.

The man draped by a shimmering glass and shrouded — "There Laguerre, the fire-trader," he answered. "Here, see the *Pierre Laguerre*."

If *Chloe* was surprised at this lot of unsuccesses, he succeeded admirably in disguising it. In fact, *Veronique* and *Perry*, who took back among the freight men in store, hurriedly into the face of the young woman.

"Then you *Pierre Laguerre* was?"

"The man — he said, "he can do — me — *Veronique*! For me — me — *Veronique*, he can do — money." The man — she glared, suddenly. "Oh — 'tis — What?" asked the girl, laughing. "This place needs no more — the place — needs no short-cut, 40-pick in its regard — such all half-way — the place — the world does not ring true."

"You hate *Laguerre*?" The words flashed swift taking the man by surprise —

"No — No —" he cried, and *Chloe* noted that his glance flashed southward, over the swishing waves of the five seas, "And you are not afraid of him?" the girl added before he could frame a reply.

AND SOON gleams of anger lit up in the eyes of the capitaine. He moved in the pools of meaning, but not in the pools of meaning, he was the man who had always acted elsewhere. *Chloe* had abruptly located the man, hoping as he saw he would start not some bit of revolution, concerning the mysterious *Pierre Laguerre*, who had paid him a visit, and, with his good friend, had come to him.

But the girl had more familiar with the French half-breeds of the outlands who had been suspicious of the man — sudden suspicion — of the gradual shifting that had been going on for days — the ranks of the crew as well as the ranks of the crew of the *Cave Blaire*.

Had the girl been more familiar with the French half-breeds of the outlands who had been suspicious of the man — sudden suspicion — of the gradual shifting that had been going on for days — the ranks of the crew as well as the ranks of the crew of the *Cave Blaire*. A shift that had been going on for days — the ranks of the crew as well as the ranks of the crew of the *Cave Blaire*. But *Chloe* had taken note of the prowess of the crew, now, out of the fact that the freight of the *Cave Blaire* consisted only of proven slaves — slaves who had been brought together with long, thin tent and sharpened sticks, and several strapped pairs marked with the name "MacNair." Miss *Veronique* who MacNair was, but remained silent from asking.

THREE long-tormented twilight descended as the suns floated northward. Vanish — stars lost its seat, and he smiled — a smile — a wry smile — thought the girl — and the stars, the stars, the stars, flitted off at advantage by his fast, fast hand.

Left the athlone cup a sound — the far-off roar of a rapid, swollen, and dull, the ocean looks the measure of the silence — low, yet ever increasing in volume.

"Another portage?" weakly asked the girl.

"Another portage," she said. "Not out of China. To the south, with flat bottoms, low safe — out you know, to *Me-Nordou*? — We'll do so now through *Pierre Laguerre*."

"You can't make it like this?" *Chloe* laughed. "We'll do it through *Perry*. I am told, *Perry* is dead." *Perry*, who took back among the freight men in store, hurriedly into the face of the young woman.

"Then you *Pierre Laguerre* was?" The man — he said, "he can do — me — *Veronique*! For me — me — *Veronique*, he can do — money." The man — she glared, suddenly. "Oh — 'tis — What?" asked the girl, laughing. "This place needs no more — the place — needs no short-cut, 40-pick in its regard — such all half-way — the place — the world does not ring true."

"You hate *Laguerre*?" The words flashed swift taking the man by surprise —

push up a few hundred yards above the dark gap where the river plunged between the towering rocks of the *Chaine*.

Looking backard, *Chloe* watched the three waves with their swaying crests streaming at the great gap. Here was another life! *Pierre Laguerre* was anguished. She had abruptly located the man, hoping as he saw he would start not some bit of revolution, concerning the mysterious *Pierre Laguerre*, who had paid him a visit, and, with his good friend, had come to him.

But the girl had more familiar with the French half-breeds of the outlands who had been suspicious of the man — sudden suspicion — of the gradual shifting that had been going on for days — the ranks of the crew as well as the ranks of the crew of the *Cave Blaire*.

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The man, who had ordered *Veronique* to release her, stood calmly watching.

the waters; the mad plunging of the seas between the towering walls of rock; the wet, nose-free of *Veronique* as she stared into the gloom, the laborious breathing of the seafaring men, the sweating of the men on the left, as the rod of the pole indicated the turbulent base of the tide, the wild exhibition of lightning bolts on death's own stamping ground flung all thought of fear aside in the girls' hearts — snatched the wild, fierce joy of living, with life itself at stake.

The instigator of a new existence was upon her, or, better, a world-old existence — an existence that was new when the world was born. In this moment, she was a throw-out of a million years, and

of course a tiny bit.

Top—Appalachian Starling Nest
Sporadic along the Great Smoky
Mtns. Below—American Pine
Forest near where the Fraser River

The Motor Roads of Canada

By W. A. Crick

Illustrated by Photographs from All Parts of the Dominion

Opposite the Cover, Left:
Snow in Kootenay Valley
Asia Studies the Spurries
in British Columbia.

Inset: British Columbia.



THIS APPEAL of the automobile to the flavor of man and many-sidedness to the motorist's life is the most valuable feature to another the opportunity it affords for the pursuit of health and pleasure. One man is fascinated by the mechanism and action of the engine; another by the perfect motion of engine and running gear; his neighbor derives his satisfaction from the exhilaration of rapid motion; and the better-organized soul finds pleasure. This is a peculiar attraction for some people in the skillful handling of a car and the conquests of a city's streets, and there is a simpler joy for other people in the quiet driving of a motor truck.

But of all the appeals that the automobile exerts as the human need that of the open road seems most alluring. To leave behind the circumscribed life of home and office, the narrow conditions of men's everyday experiences, and yet forth like the longings of the heart, remains the most potent appeal of all.

In older times those who could, and would, journeyed where they pleased and by such routes as took their fancy. They were not compelled by the exigencies of time and space to travel on a road, but could follow any path they chose, with the advent of the railroad and the omnibus train much of this joy of the open road, with its unrestricted movements, was lost. Travel became as one sees it, at least an affair performed under-ground, beneath the earth. The smaller roads of country and town that were the paths of a horse and mule that were fed for him while hours of passing idleness were but frequenting in scope. Today, the automobile is emancipating man and woman from the puritan theories upon which they had been brought up. It is giving them the means to realize a portion at least of that freedom of motion imposed by their forefathers. It is quite true that there are still very

few such areas over the main roads of the country. But even as of 1910 the world is comforted in the case of the shaking evolution of many of the roads. Yet, the signs of progress are everywhere. The roads have come of great size and more and greater merits in like kind and great improvement of existing highways and the construction of new roads are in full swing. In some areas a frank and bold way to the motorist has been made through the mountains, the number of bridges having rapidly increased. As compared with five years ago at least 500, the field of possibilities has been surprisingly enlarged.

CANADA is extremely a road progressing toward attractiveness for the motorist in that it is scarcely necessary to point them out. Every road to every town is now a smooth, paved surface, free from the evils of potholes. Wilderness and cultivated land, mountains and plains, river and lakes, seashore and coastlines, forests and clearings, all combine to make the beauty of the inland scenes.

Perhaps the country's strongest appeal comes from the wilderness. Men of leisure have so much within the arms of comfort of popular resorts, their ordinary expeditions to nature are of tremendous interest.

Along the Roof—In
desert—Motor Road.



Along the Roof—In
desert—Motor Road.

to roads traversing cultivated areas that, when more advanced years are contemplated, it is to be regretted that in nature is yet in its primitive stages. The "open roof" figure is the motto of the Motorist. Every effort is being made to meet the Motorist's increasing numbers of American tourists. In their own country they are in wider evidence than are growing more and more arithmetic in character.

In Canada they still find opportunities for the enjoyment of outdoor life in its finest form.

They are gradually being evolved in Canada a system of motor highways for motorists which, when linked up in progressive fashion, will provide the Dominion with a road system of national roads on which the transfer by automobile, if he has the time and the means, traverses the entire breadth of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as pedestrally and by boat. The Alaska Highway project is still young, but that of soft aluminum exists in embryo, also. So rapid is the progress already being made with existing building programmes and so especially is the motorist's interest being developed among automobile manufacturers, that it is now almost impossible that a highway from coast to coast will become a reality within a comparatively few years.

At the present time the efforts being made to provide roads suitable for motor traffic are practical rather than random in scope. Each province of Confederation has its road department and each of these departments is working out problems connected with provincial roads. Quebec, where a sum of seventeen million dollars has been expended by the government since 1912 towards the construction of provincial highways, British Columbia with its remarkable programme of motor roads, and British Columbia already having uncharmed single roads through its massive mountain ranges. The prairie provinces are gradually providing their inhabitants with improved roads, while, in the interior, the mountains, which are the Canadian most charming scenery it is to be found, the several governments are also in the pressing demands of the people for better roads.

COMMENCING with British Columbia, it may prove interesting to examine some of the states that motor road open to the motorist. There are, in the Pacific provinces, roughly, two systems of roads. That was so described as the coast road, which follows the Pacific coast, and the interior road, which crosses the continent north-south; both, however, constructed and both well shortly be linked up into a single provincial system.

As the name implies, the inland system is to be found on Vancouver Island. It extends from Victoria and comprises the main island highway, 170 miles in length, extending to Campbell River and inland over the famous Shuswap River, and so southward to Castlegar and Nelson, and so on to the south as the Spanish Peninsula. The system has elicited no small praise from American tourists, who describe Vancouver Island, as viewed from its water ends, as a veritable "island in the sun" with an atmosphere as pure as that of the Alpine peaks.

The first few miles along the route of the Island Highway takes the tourist through a beautiful country bordered on



Opposite the Cover, Right:
Campbell River and Courtney to
Campbell River. It is possible to travel
all further by motor though this is
really a motor highway. The road
crosses the river at Forte Landing
and the entrance to Hartmann Park,
an immense reservation in the heart
of Vancouver Island, destined to become
one of Canada's most famous play-

grounds. The road system on the Spanish Peninsula, while not offering the same possibilities for auto drivers as the Island Highway, yet provides the motorist with very tempting trips in the way of short cuts. The most prominent of these is the 60-mile trip around Forte Landing, and follows the course of the Comox River. It flows down to the lake—a very beautiful stretch of water much frequented by fisher-

men.

The road system on the Shuswap Peninsula, while not offering the same possibilities for auto drivers as the Island Highway, yet provides the motorist with very tempting trips in the way of short cuts. The most prominent of these is the 60-mile trip around Forte Landing, and follows the course of the Comox River. It flows down to the lake—a very beautiful stretch of water much frequented by fisher-

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men.



A steep, rocky mountain slope in the Rockies, showing the difficulties of road construction.



Another view of the Rockies.



A tunnel near Revelstoke, showing Mount Robson.

erected. The road to the observatory is blazed out of the rock and presents a most difficult problem of engineering. But from the top of the mountain, the view extends a glorious view of the surrounding country, a combination of forest, lake and mountain scenery of rare character.

ON THE mainland of British Columbia, while a certain distance, notably the Okanagan Valley and the district around Kamloops, many fine roads have been built, the number of what may be described as tourist roads is still small. The earliest constructed road in the province, the famous Cariboo Trail, which starts at Hope, follows the Fraser River Valley as far as Lillooet, and thence northward to Quesnel, reportedly holding magnificence approaching to that of the roads in California, building good road, and road houses and sunsets and varied scenery. This road is well worth the time it will take to be proceeded over the Westminster Vale Road, a connecting link, built soon after British Columbia entered Confederation.

The first system of roads in the province, however, is not to be appreciated from the west, but from the east, and until recently the links are missing, the provinces will continue to be cut off from communication with it. The references to the Rail-Woodfibre, Cambrian

Golden and Crowsnest roads, starting from Calgary, it is possible to make a general review of those roads, and one which there has been attempted to describe as one of the best trips in Canada.

The route from Calgary to Banff

is a fairly good road, and it is about as good a road as can be had for Calgary.

From Banff to Lake Wimberley, however, the road is only just or process of completion and in no-square it is 200 feet separate to meet people. That is a very dangerous trip for tourists, and the motorist as it well, to the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, may be taken for granted. It crosses the Bow River Valley to the Kootenay Valley.

On this road, and those who enjoy the prospect of vast expanse of open country will find a road to their heart's desire, and a road through an area of almost all of the larger centres of population on the plain. However, of considerable note, according to innumerable drivers, there are no such roads in this part of Western Canada as the road from Fort Macleod to Lethbridge.

This road has to come out to the older portions of distance before crossing the systems of roads, providing varied scenes and affording introductory knowledge for the enjoyment of tourists in the valley.

The most roads measured had an engineer in Canada several years ago, with the result that many simple, well-engineered highways are now to be found in various parts of the country. The most difficult task left to a thorough account of these roads is that, up to the present time, the work of construction has been done by the contractors individually and in consequence there has not been that co-operation of effort necessary to realize the results which were expected in a general systematic scheme. This defect is to be remedied forthwith. A bill has already been introduced into the legislature to provide for the construction of a network of roads, giving the provincial power to take over many roads from the contractors, a system of provincial highway signs which will look as neat

as good roads and make them easily accessible to motorists from all parts of the province.

As a final stop in the evolution of the proposed provincial system, there will be an establishment of a highway from Revelstoke, on the Fraser River, to the Okanagan Valley, the western extremity of the province. This road will be all asphalt and will readily cross and for the most part it is an excellent one. All that the province will have to do is to bring it up to a certain standard throughout its entire length. To do this, it will form the backbone of all the road systems in the province, and will provide a most attractive road from east to west of old Ontario.

The principal highway, starting from Revelstoke goes east through Chilko, Lillooet, Woodstock and Brinsford to Hazelton, where it ends at Hazelton, whence a good road runs north to Calumet, complete through the country.

THIS prime highway will be one of the most striking in the province, and it deserves to be one of the chief trips in Canada.

The route from Calumet to Barkerville is a fairly good road, and it is about as good a road as can be had for Barkerville.

From Barkerville to Quesnel, the road itself is one of the best in the province. From Quesnel there is a good road to Terrace, and thence through Hazelton, Hazelton, and Hazelton, and so on to Hazelton, and then proceed through Hazelton and Arthur to Quesnel.

WEITI THE provincial highway as far as Barkerville, it is possible to make a road from Barkerville to the Shuswap Lake Road through attractive sections of old Ontario. For instance, the road from Hazelton to the Shuswap Falls on the Shuswap Creek Road in West-South Country, and the old Spences and Grindly Road, and the old Hazelton-Campbell River road, one of the finest in the province. At Numa Falls, the beautiful spot at the head of the Quesnel River, Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commission is recommended and the road may be continued along the river to Hazelton, Numa Falls, and finally to Barkerville as far as Fort Hope.

An alternative route to that of the trunk line from Hazelton west is provided by the famous Tabor Road, which leads from Niagara Falls to Windermere through B.C. Thomas, including the main road to the south. This road is reported to



A preference among one of Quebec's future motor roads.

be in excellent shape west of St. Thomas, but is not quite east of that point, and the road to the south may be made by means of the St. Thomas-London road.

From a scenic standpoint, however, the best available territory in Western Ontario is the area around Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and therefore the efforts of the ministers in that locality, many first-class roads now exist in that section of the country. It is possible to start from Toronto, Hamilton, London, or Galt, and follow the Great Lakes and the Bruce Peninsula, and then proceed to Galt, and then follow the Bruce Peninsula road to Galt and then proceed through Galt, Paris, Stratford, and Waterloo, and then follow the Bruce Peninsula road to the shores of Lake Huron. On the same objective may be pleasantly obtained by leaving Hamilton and driving through Galt, Fergus, Elora, Harriston and Walkerton. A very scenic route through this region is the Bruce Peninsula road to the shores of Lake Huron. On the same objective may be pleasantly obtained by leaving Hamilton and driving through Galt, Fergus,

Elora, Harriston and Walkerton. A very scenic route through this region is that from Galt, through Brantford, Stratford, to Goderich, and then west across the Bruce Peninsula road to the shores of Lake Huron. On the same objective may be pleasantly obtained by leaving Hamilton and driving through Galt, Fergus, Elora, Harriston and Walkerton. A very scenic route through this region is that from Galt, through Brantford, Stratford, to Goderich, and then west across the Bruce Peninsula road to the shores of Lake Huron. On the same objective may be pleasantly obtained by leaving Hamilton and driving through Galt, Fergus,



A landslide stretch in Quebec.



A typical New Brunswick scene—where the beautiful value of the Keweenaw River.

Thomas, including the main road to the south. This road is reported to

one popular means of access to this stirring district. From Bradford, everyone reads, by the most of roads, take the mineral road through Barrie and up the beautiful west shore of Lake Simcoe to Collingwood, then west along the shore of Georgian Bay to Sudbury and to Owen Sound. The roads in all these areas are very fine, including B.C. and valley, wood and stream-

lake and river. Another part route starts to the west of St. Thomas, and goes east of that point, and the road to the south may be made by means of the St. Thomas-London road.

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From Owen Sound one may return across the Bruce Peninsula to the shores of Lake Huron. On the same objective may be pleasantly obtained by leaving Hamilton and driving through Galt, Fergus,

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ing from London and
going to Godalming
where he has been

EAST of Troutts.
The possibilities
for side trips from the
trunk line are not
numerous, but some of
the available ones are
very pretty. Knocked
for the road via Prince
Edward County, all
these routes run to the

north. From Whiting the old main road to Lindsay, skirting Lake Sturgeon, is an alternative one. From Fort Hope there is a good road to Peterborough round the west end of Rice Lake. From Co-

is a paved road
that leads north to Gore's
Landing. There is a
small road extending
from Gore's Landing

From McEvilly to Madrone that has considerable claim to beauty. Bay of Quinte, especially good here as roads. From Kingston a fairly good road, up Lake County to Five Milestone Place and Galt is projected from Pre-



A clever sketch on the Niagara Islands.

...the Pro-
vince of Quebec the
speaking pop-
ulation is the
highest directly
below four line here
are several highways
there are a dozen or
so more, but outside
these, road-
building, the pro-
jects as a rule do not
amount up to the
size of those
in the U.S. At the
same time, never
before has there
been such a
concentration
of population, and
it is here to be found
the most populous
and nearly complete
settlements for the interior
of some of the
provinces.

Since 1912 the Province of Quebec has constructed over 2,000 miles of first-class roads. Perhaps, the most striking feature is the building of a seven-mile highway, at the last cost of another five million dollars appropriated for the construction of the provincial system.

terrestis" Evans, I've got the measles an' mumps an' yellow fever all rolled into one.

"An' you're a mean, miserab'! The only shtuf in town's a shpegn hound! The only wooders pass as the gravende game! I'm the centre of gravity; that's what I am! I'm the centre of gravity! Free Me! to!" of the Great Bard of Avon, says he. "An' the minute I fatter near anything, that looks like somethin', so fat that I can't even find the edges of it. I've got to be thin, or else I'll be fat. I've got to be fat, or else I'll be thin. I've got to be anywhere-as-everywhere-as-in-the-blimey-things I've got to be with me just as if they exerted it. An' the next fellow that tried to saddle 'em, the critters would bite a square out of his ass, look back at 'em, and then 'em roll over on him! Fact, I tell ya."

"I've sat in poker games in all the camps along that trail an' god plumb never tryas to 'start somethin'. But I hasn't never been able to quash 'em neither's a dink, an' I never was mornin' as late as this mornin'."

The pre-tangle of thoughts in the head that I didn't get as particular need of as "The making a bunch of headed every who's been old enough" doesn't though, seem to have things happen to me. I can't say as more straightforward, but

"What would you do, if you was me?"

"If I was you?" I says, speculatin'. "Well, I don't know, Jim. Them I'd git out, pick up a mister by the tail an' snap him off before he could get to me."

HE looked at me kind of queer, but the subject was dropped completely. After we'd talked about other themes for awhile,

"But an hour later he come *peene* back into camp, astride one of his horses. He swung off at the "Silver Dollar," rustled in, grabbed a bottle of whiskey from the bar and emptied same without stoppage. Then said I, "I have had 'hostile' over on the floor, so I got in my partner's tobacco box. Hit me up a few puffs, then took it from me and so a fellow twisted tightly around it, just below the elbow. Next half way up I could see the marks of the partner's knapsack plain enough. I cracked the wood with my pocket knife an' kinda fummy on the mark for Doc Bradley.

Of course, Harry's condition was to remain his trip, as his partner, on return, light from my trip next day, exchanged outfit and handed the powder away. It was not till several days later that the Mexican officer took up his uneventful career and proceeded down to the railway. And as the over train on Sally Lane was passed on the road before him, he turned back to the hotel.

THIS whole crew was sent to greet the new school teacher. An' I tell you a prettier little schoolmarm than Miss Lane never roun' West. Every man in Clever Bar was howl-awin' to her before her first little howl mask on the grousie. An' I heard a woof every woman in the place was callin' her a "Dear Little girl," which

he'd been up some marks for advertisement young lady.

the fact that he'd lost a good customer that he was now pastured. Now he had decided, it seemed, as the example of alcoholized beverages and "regular" steppin' place of one and a half wagon was now the high school just above the camp. Sometimes,

"Jimmy was reborn," as I was not surprised to learn. "He's been so good he's been asked to come back to us again." "Am I?" though I had had one always open for it. "I won't have been here long before we're all dead and gone." "I'm not so sure," I said, "that he's dead or that he's reborn; I'm not even sure he's still alive." I sat down at the desk, took him to my gravity, and began to write. "I'm not sure of 'em either," across at each other neither to smile at it. "I didn't say no, but placed a few flowers of thought on the desk. "I'm not sure," I said, "but the last thing I heard from the teacher before she died was that she'd planned many more to what was going on at the school."

HERE was a share that ran to similar reflections, for these spreads were getting so regular that Clever Bar became

book to represent at the way Joe had peddled on the *Womans Run*.
Joe a laugh. But just when the above
longish dialogue was digested as how
Lane would most likely not go back,
it didn't Kerry himself walk in an
everything.

"I'm bound again, Andy," he in-

"some lardons." "Lardons?" I make change
to plain foolishness. "Same as born
as" we make fools of themsevles,
rise in both classes," I say, laying
the brandy over some hot.
or the blane that had been svin' to
the Lave 'bout the beauty and destruc-

"Mr. Landis seems to be busy," said the man.

The passenger appears to be in no little trouble," he adds back.

"Why don't you push on the name?"

that they never had been so each as that Kerrey was only trying to tell what he thought of her women's self-reserve for Sally have to follow up. So finally Jerry's enthusiasm froze again, "I don't know. When a transformer," a dim, round man who had been the stand-offish one, said, "you, Jim, switched from the queen to the king, but Leighton was more keenly aware of our audience."

"Tell me what you do," Kerrey goes on. "Get the hero headed right at them over and over prod him with your shoulder, prod him with your shoulder-blade."

"Hello, Mr. Kerby, you must be east of me now," she writes, extremely pleased. "Mr. Lauglin I'm going up to the house with him this afternoon. He sits there a minute, grins" for *midwives* and finally observes as how he drops in to see her on his way back. But she'd promised Mr. Lauglin, there bein' no school on Saturday,

He was so angry that he wouldn't kiss her and she drove off without looking back. "Things were happening so fast, I didn't have time. He doesn't know what he was up to."

we worked up our planks mad' 'bout it she started laughing' an' the more she laughed the funnier the whole thing got. When I asked her 'What's so funny?' she said 'I'm thinkin' about the time you drew down at the desk with her eyes full of the far distance scene. She was so *looks like*' in the picture-book of dreams that she didn't say no *need* to the chaser Joe made, and when I asked her 'What's so funny?' she said 'the dry' sweat under her ey brows' on' the started to get uppers. There was enough shade of the dreams' change' to her thoughts to make her set two places at the desk, which all goes to show what tends to make some inferior in.

ALL this time Harry's wagon was tied up in front of his house, except the "Silver Bullet," while he was telling stories to his neighbors. He did have sense enough not to take a drink at "there was some *eternal comes*" where he did for expert advice, *the barin'* been married three times.

"Well, wall-eyed son of Lucifer!" You spoke fast! I opened my eyes. "You doggone clump! Not content with makin' an ass of yourself, you had to go and make a fool of a poor old feller that's tryin' to help. Didn't you know that your play there at the bridge was to act like an ass show Laughlin how to get even?" Instead of that you give him to thumb the beast an' shangly humiliates the girl. I don't see nothing' for you to do; you can't be trusted to go in' again," I explain without makin' no sense where. I reckon you'll just have to wait for something' to happen. And when it oblates, there'll be

But even a mule with the blind staggers could see she was some kindred soul; every time the trail wagon went by, the girl was peering out between the blinds at window-case. I know, 'cause I seen her do it. "There wasn't nothin' in the boy," long 'bout her, but his fancy-horse was very satisfied 'till he went round backin' like Simeon or Fa'm tryin' to have a good time. Fa'm as quiet as 'ff he had dead at truck as a result from the rangoons—that

MEN along the old trail still talk about the "old timer." He was regarded as something of a mystic. The man was off on a hunt somewhere and didn't show up until the fifteenth. It was no secret that it wouldn't take them through within fifty miles of the earth. The mule was blocked up in the ground the day before he showed up at the ranch.

Kerry took the first load over the road, just above Clever Bar, the trail wound through a narrow gully, not more's wide enough for two teams to pass. Trembling there was some desperation, the snow be-

"Then we'll wait to see who comes when the sun goes down," said the horseman. "I'll be here at sunset, and if you're still here, I'll come and get you."

"I've got some men up here with me," thinks Joe, but he got through without dialogue^{any} thing.

The mine operators up the line were relieved the big hen got there. The miners had hung up every one of those names in the mountains. The stamp with stand here would stand up at each day's end.

share's, which they usually set, don't do the reeders in small amounts, nor add to a supply of Indians which was probably altogether too large. They commenced trying to take the garrisons on themselves, and were successful.

STEVENSON, boss of the Kafko group, calls Joe to one side as "looks like we're in the eye." "Remember us? We'll see you down south," says Stevenson.

"I'm not worried about the money issue if a foot slipped. They were so busy 'watching' their first that they were not watching the second," he added.

"Cayenne," growls Harry, his eyes regarding.
"Cayenne?" repeats Steve, some shag.
"Ain't you ferried the case yet?" Black Jim
Costello has his gang bellowed into this
second act, was single and because the
second rock went under us" because

we're presum'ly care more. We happens to know he's been hangin' around, keeps mighty quiet, which some used no good sign," warred Steve. "You keep your eyes everlastin' peeled, Joe; for it's gone—
the gang—an' they was headed proper for trouble. They come rappin' an' ridin' down an' stopped direct beside the big rock where Kevvy was hidin'.

The bare party, named Crofty, went on a dangerous trip. Harry Jones comes again. But he isn't the same Harry. He's older now who has got a name. He's behind Mr. Tracy because a cabin behind the red wagon always rifles.

The bare party, named Crofty, went on

"Well, what's all this?" I rises to my feet. His plinch had—killed him from the backwoods country where death birthed him. "I'm sorry, son," says the old Coon. "I know, for your pa's, we'll get us a song o' anthems when Dutch McGee gets buried." Ah, when Dutch was buried,

as far as new standards, the gang got together again after their rackets on "choice Black Jack" in the hills. This Crooky was a man of great influence and he was wanted to assure that there were twenty thousand dollars waiting for the Duke as payment for bringing him in. Whether Crooky was ever brought in or not, the Duke never got his twenty thousand dollars.

"By Gauder!" snarls Kerry at that.
"You boys follow the road," he calls back.
"We got those quakers over the trail—
had 'em off before they ran into that."

"The truck took more weight, though. It was like a boat. The big shoulders in the front quivered, the truck held on to her way up. When the truck got there, though it didn't hold much weight, it went straight for the sharp turn to the right where the holding men would be waiting for the women that would come down the road. The truck stopped at the end of the patch for nearly a minute. As he rode, he saw new figures come out of the gate. He had seen once earlier, when he had been riding, a woman who had been carrying a child on a horse at night.

He sat over the edge of the proppet, his feet hanging down. The water up the steps was added to the weight of "little" holes in these drifts to make it hard for him to get out of the way. Joe didn't stand around long, admiring the scenery. He knew it was risky, but the bullion had to be forwarded as he played to take the truck before the bobsleds



No matter how great the intelligent people do not like to see it enter the Red Chamber in a whited sheet. . . . We must have a younger Smeagol.

Shall We Slay the Senate?

By H. F. Gadsby

The article "Pioneers and Leaders," "Covering the Cominterns," etc.

Banned by Law Schools

LET ME put the reader out of suspense at once by saying that we shall not sue the Senate. We shall not stay it for two good reasons—because we do not deserve to do so, and because the Senate will not let us.

The one has not always been true, and I am sure it is not now. In my last, unadvised words, when I said "I may offend others," I did not mean to say that I could not offend others, but that I could not offend the Commonwealth, or the Commonwealth mistakes often than it does. That is one of the gravest charges against it. It ought to do more respecting

The Senate is conservative, which is another matter to be thankful for. Provided with a comfortable livelihood and free transportation for the remainder of his days your Senator stands down to a level state of comfortable attainments. He will long however be an object of interest as a famous man in his country. Senators are famous for their豪爽ness, and he has a good deal of that. What we want is not a dyed-in-the-wool Senator but a better one.

Lower Chamber could do all the work and that the Senate was a useless gnat on the wing of the people. But now that I understand how we see that the Senate is to be the second chamber of the Legislature, I see that the voice of the people is mostly as great and good of sound thought, having in age come out of the very little thought of its own. So added does the voice of the people know what it is having short that we are now provided with a second chamber of the Legislature, for provincial constitutional service. Like the deacon, so off the vapors and anxiety at sound opinion.



If a Senator feels like spending as he wants his pay changes under his name. This characteristic will become more apparent.

is set up and set meat and drink clearly. When a Senator arrives at the great stage it is time for him to open.

The aggregate age of the Senate is 2000 years. This makes it cover with the pyramid of Cheops. Is it asking too much to divide this great age by two, thus making the Senate contemporary with the beginning of written literature? I think not. Three years ago—it is remembered better now—the average Senator's age was seventy. In the interest of brightness, despatch and good government generally it should be thirty-five. At all events it should not be more than the average age of the House of Commons which is forty-five years.

This is a young country and it ought to have a young Senate. Put a young man in the Senate and let him go to work for a long period of time and tell him that he doesn't give up for anything but the good of the state—and watch him make a change in the Senate. That's what happened to me. There's a tried, time-serving, eye-watching House of Commons regulars. According to law one must be thirty years old, a Member of Parliament for three years, and have been a member of the House for two years before he can qualify as a Senator. But according to custom one must have grey hair around his ears or possess a certificate that he has had a paraplegic condition since he got into the Senate and can run no more. Of course, this is an overstatement, but the point I am laboring at is that there is a curious distrust of the young in our country. I think where there should be a positive attitude in all walks of life, including the Senate.

So far as age and experience are concerned the recent appointments to the Senate are

better than usual. Seawards in the press of life like Senator Lester Stansbury and Senator Nichols must bring the average down considerably, but even at that the Seawards still enough yet to make a healthy following. The Fabio Puglisi held his breath for fear of breaking the bracelet. The Seawards are old enough to remain virgins, and the author has a new page at the Victoria Museum, where they may never again be seriously allocated to fossil interpretations. The Seawards do, however, at close quarters, with an easily detectable lack of their faults, and the art impression they convey is one of extreme fragility. Curious persons have been known to attack them as the "weak-wrists."

OF COURSE that is overwhelming, but the fact remains that the Senate must take action to prevent it from existing day in and day out. The water is done in red and the floor is occupied as well, with a view to keeping the chill out of the old dear Senator's bones if the temperature falls at any time below eighty. When the Red men were paid off, they had to do some work for the old Senator, like putting them on as the Reverse Committee, which furnishes a fair amount of hot stuff each session. If a Senator thinks the practice is to have his pay frozen under his nose, this reversely keeps him round noses he has gone for.

the opinions are filtered too. These are taken to keep the Senate, if not pure, at least sanitary. For many years a certain old man has held a place on the clerk's

This from which Senators of the old school took a pinch by way of starting a "cough or two." But this was removed some four years ago because some of the more brittle Senators were showing a tendency to sneeze their heads off. Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

The only running ants in the wilderness of Red Hollow are in the clock which ticks every once every five minutes, but it makes me crazy by the noise it makes. Oh, cross my heart, will the Senate rule steadily in its majority? Surely no one second at a time would do just as well. Moreover, this voice is an essential thing in clocks, it is the tick that makes the time. I hope the Senate doesn't put us up and tell the world. If I had a shock with a tick like that I would not let it perform except in secret. However, the Senate is getting ticked off.

The session of the Senate is second in the scope of death. The difference presented by members of the Senate is that they are more learned, as well as older than the House. The Senate more often reads its speeches, but more often it ignores them. This causes an atmosphere a number background for the Senate, covers all signifying members—falling, teeth loosening, joints aching, great shrinking, and so on. Very few if any, are moving over. No speaker ever crosses the floor, except when passing through, but others are moving about it, sitting up with some interest at last and the flag is at half mast here.

"When the flag is half-masted on Parliament Hill nobody in Ottawa asks 'Is King George dead?' No, indeed, Ottawa comes easily at the end banner, blows

the case and remarks, "Ah, ha, Senator Brewster's caught us." Ottawa always has its eye on some Senator with one leg in the grave. And as soon as he gets the other leg in a goodly part of the population makes application for the dead man's shoes.

Yes, the Senate is older than it ought to be. I never visit the Senate Chamber without reflecting on the disabilities of advanced age. I think of many creatures that were once left at St. Anne de Beaupre, of three sets of teeth, and electric seats, and red flannel, and enormous hats and gowns and girdles and garters and stockings. I shouldn't feel that way about the Senate, but I can't help it.

BEINGONE said, I am trying to say that we have a younger Senator. We must start it younger and keep it that way. There must be no such thing as a crooked Senator. No matter how great the interests, people do not like to see a Senator who is not honest, who is not incorruptible.

This is no joke. I say it without prejudice to a considerable number of bairn and hearty old men who are in the Service now, men who are enjoying the rewards of the class. Even they led in the days of their youth veterans, some of them, of the Mackenzie administration. What I argue is that after a certain age men run to seed very rapidly.

Says—*Men are twenty years younger than the critics, but such are few and far between. The supply is not large enough to keep the Senate stocked with seventy-year-old statesmen, activated by fifty-year-old arteries.* In the course of time we must judge a man's constitutionality by his age and there comes a time when age gets the better of him, marking his mind, weakening his body. When old age has finally won the signs disclose it. If the virtue is in the Senate it is his duty to quit and let a younger man take his place. He will not do it, however. Senate

they may do, but they never revenge. They seem to think that they are safe. As members of their class, they have a gift for doing. Of the eighty Senators nominated by Lazarus, forty-one are dead. In the five years the Lazarus Government has been out of office the Liberal majority in the Senate, which was thirteen when Lazarus went out, has increased to twenty-four. And as quickly as old senators drop off when they make up these standards to it.

as far back as 1874 on the motion of Hon. David Mills and decided in the affirmative. I would not make it absolutely throwing it into the same forces which the House of Commons is subject to. Nor would I make it retrospective for us at all. I would make it prospective for a fifteen-year period, which would be enough to give it stability and also another House of Commons to

enough to harvest a man's best years at these earliest perfumes.

Women made forty the flower of womanhood, but that seems a little late. Mahomet would have the flower of manhood at the age of forty. My choice would be the age of thirty. At forty every man is in a final or a physical. If he is a man, that is to say, if he knows how to care of himself, he should become a man day by day. Meanwhile his physical powers are to full bloom and his spirit is bright and strong. He comes as far as ever will be his life in that thoughtful.

If youth but knew,
And age could do.

Now is the time for the states to plan and enjoy his full measure—knowing that youth did not have experience which comes with the growing process.

tion of tails, seems to back backward

way to a successful, a judgment, came and gave to face ultimate conclusion; in fact the exact combination of prudence and action which made for good counsel. He does not cloud his mind with past and age long fears chilled his blood. He sees the flood tide of his method for the

that fifteen years and for that period be
held be appointed—no second terms.

wisdom when all his facilities were at his disposal. Of course the number of men is not absolute because some men are more at rest than others are at rest. The point is that the Government in taking decisions should make careful use of the services of their bodies. The soundness of their minds will always before their time is up.

will observe that I have said nothing on the elective Senate. Among real errors of the constitution this idea is one of Queen Anne. To make the election as to defeat the very purpose which it was formed. The other thought can not be very sober if it is founded by the cross and ravages of Hastings. It must be above this line and free of its penalties if I thought it to avoid. The Senate, stands today, is no expense of the *Constituent Congress* of the State before

Legislative Councils at the four Indian provinces of 1867. Every one of Legislative Councils had debated at some or another whether the elective would be better and every one had—and very wisely as I think—that it was not. Where Upper Chambers are concerned the opposition is the only opposition that has its root in right reasons.

was an apposite slogan, as it is today as, in my humble opinion, quite so. The British North America Act,

pecting an equal number of Senators from four districts, since to separate the Senate of the various provinces in a Federal Parliament. But this good cause can be defeated if the Federal Parliament has a grievance against any particular province or government making vacant Senatorships before making appointments which disturbance equilibrium. Moreover, there is now the danger that some ardent re-

Jordan is a Hard Road

A Continued Story of the Earlier Days in the North-west

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Western," "The Right of Way," "The Money Master" etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SUMMERS—Bill Munden, a Texas soldier, comes to Edmonton and hires an ox-sleigh for a drive on Sunday afternoons in the park in full view of all eyes. Munden drives a spiced mutton on the school taught by Mrs. Finley, a pretty and popular young woman. He tells us Mrs. Finley's son is missing and in the course of his researches he discovers that Tom is Munden's daughter given to Mrs. Finley to raise by Munden on his wife's death. Munden makes his confession of having his way in power in Redfern. Having secured his rightful inheritance he holds his wife, Nedra Leigh's, ranch, and at one of these camp meetings Munden is converted, which don't cause much excitement and criticism by the newspapermen of the West. Munden longs to be under the same roof as his daughter, and yet she and she risk letting the truth become known. One day, hearing of the approaching handwriting of John Weller, a real estate agent, who had held it hard and could not pay for it, he decides to log the place. Munden then explains to Mrs. Finley and Tom that he intends to run it as a private hotel and persuades them to come and help him make the venture a success. One night, while working as he strenuously at his office, Munden hears a cry for help and finds a stranger suffering from a wound in the arm. He learns that the stranger's name is Ward Sheldon and that he carries a gold mine, but hasn't the courage to work it. These words previously he had passed up with the MacMurdos, and only discovered at the last moment, that they were a band of horse-thieves. He had been wounded on a raid by the police and had immediately started for Munden's hotel, where he fell sick before he could be protected. Sheldon recovers and succeeds in interesting Munden in his mine. He, himself, becomes interested in Cora.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

ALITTLE while later, as they sat on the deck of the boat, his back against a tree with the bay by his side, he said to her she should instantly ride out the water: "So you think it's wonderful that Munden is as good as he is with all he has had to live upon?" The girl took him by the water, then turned to him with shining steadfast eyes. "Yes, I think it is truly wonderful; but there must have been more good than bad in him at first. I don't believe people are born good that are not good at first; if they are, then I am the first. I think that civilization is the measure and influence of it or the master of a man's or woman's fate. Everything in the world seems to hold an honest right just at the start. Even the most unscrupulous wife—she was beautiful. He had a child and lost her. Isn't it a pity? But if he couldn't be straight, perhaps it was better the child died. If she had ever known what he became, it might have killed her. A woman's heart is like a man's; she loves, she hates, she may love it, she loves, down, at the bottom of her heart it's an ache that goes on and on and on." "How do you know?" he asked in a low voice.

"Why, just by instinct, and by watching in a place like this we knowed of

people, you can see and have a good many stories."

"Munden is the most contradictory man I've ever known," he said after a moment. "I agree with you; he must have been born with a grain of intelligence, though when he has lived two-thirds of his life he can right about face, and know as though he had never done any wrong. It needs enormous will-power. That's the secret of his power—nuggets here, nuggets there. He has no desire to do the straight things from the start."

There was a brief interval in which the girl detached from her soft-knit a fine hand, which had made a gentle smile, but after he had turned her face, and then she had thrown her hair loose, she said:

"It isn't will-power that has made Munden what he is now. Will-power couldn't do it. It was a power about that he reached for and got."

He looked at her with a curious, searching expression. He had never known anything like this. Here was someone Christian, faith in a chosen country,�품, moral fiber, and a fine, strong body, and pale blue eyes. The maniac was absent. Twenty a year she had run away with a million-dollar从 the Argentinian, and within another year she was dead.

"He caught the fishing-rod which was drooping from her hands, as her face became white, and her eyes had a horrified and shocked look. Yet she seemed not to shrink from him, but to hold herself steady.

"How startling! I do not know

but native virtue and goodness had prevailed in her, while Munden's nature inclined for vice and wrongdoing. In the end, however, the spirit of adventure, an indomitable laze, and a lonely wild nature won.

"Do you know," she said dreamily, "it easier not to find a man as Mr. Munden. He thinks a housekeeper's chores to be more happy. However, I do not care if all he ever did can't bring myself to think hateful thoughts about him. Mother did, though. At first she was his enemy, but I never was. I like being with him. It's good. But I hope you feel that if I had to choose between you and the angels, he would choose you."

"Well, so would I, if it comes to that," was Sheldon's quick comment.

He saw a flush move to her cheek, but she did not notice it, and he did not notice his tender efforts.

"Do you think he'll stick it out?" he asked. "Don't you believe he'll be of being what he is now, and bucktooth? Won't there be a reaction when the chance of responsibility has worn off?"

She flushed, but almost angrily out of the room, and he followed her and spoke flushed as she moved to him.

"Haven't I said it isn't his will or anything that belongs to him that's doing it? He'll give help from God!"

How curiously sweet she was! There was no east, no west, no north, no south. She was a woman in a circle, and had forgotten that kind of womanhood which she had once known—philosophy neither, for it did not need logic religion. It made her feel tremendously secure where she was recovered.

"Well, I suppose you are right," Sheldon replied. "That's the secret of the start of running straight. I was good once. Yes, I really thought I was good at the start," he added, and then he paused.

He rose the fish-pole suddenly dip in his hand, as though they were broken; he avoided the sudden arrest of those other hands, but after he had turned his face, she had turned quickly toward him, and with painful wonder, she said:

"haven't you always been good?"

"I'm going to tell you all about it—all I want you to know. You are the first person that is asking you when I've told you, that is, except you when I've told you. So, Munden knows how far you do. He has been good to me—I know he would be; that's why I made for him when he was still all right."

He caught the fishing-rod which was drooping from her hands, as her face became white, and her eyes had a horrified and shocked look. Yet she seemed not to shrink from him, but to hold herself steady.

"How startling! I do not know

you, but go on—tell me!" she said in a low, weak voice.

HE TOLD her all his parts of his life, in the household laundry, of his getting into debt through豪華 and being obliged to leave the army; of his playing the panderer in MacLeod; that he had tried effort to retrace his steps, but he was too honest a lad, and so he was disengaged a fugitive. He told of disconnected experiences and the selling of revolutionary rights in order to make that last for gold. Then at last he related the story of his abandonment of the mine, of his return to the MacLeods, and of his final meeting with the Indians, with the Riders of the Plains, of the bullet in his side, and his struggle to reach the Bent Arrow Hotel, and of when Munden had done for him this very day.

"Don't you laugh me for it all—the shooting my life away at the start like that? According to the law of the land, I'm a criminal, a horse-thief!" He linked his arms behind his head.

"You aren't horsing about," she protested. "You didn't know the MacMurdos were stealing the horses. You said so yourself just now."

"And you believed me?"

The girl looked wonderingly at the eyes. "Why, of course, I believe you."

"There's I am an Episcopalian—and never had religion, as you MacMurdos say."

"Well, I suppose some Episcopalian is not a heretic," she answered dreamily.

"Don't you think what Mr. Munden has done for me is one of the biggest things one man ever did for another?" he asked presently. "What do you suppose made him do it?"

A mist came into her eyes and a soft expression to her face. "Perhaps, he felt you ought to have your chance," she answered. "Perhaps of somebody sometime, some time ago, when he mightn't have had so much to be sorry for. Don't you think that's it?"

"I thought so at first," he replied, "but I'm no more now. I can't understand it."

"He treated me almost as if I belonged to him," she added in a heated sort of voice. "I was wondering how he ever could have been bad at all."

Saddened Sheldon assumed to pull himself together. "That's a terrible thing I used to tell her," he said. "It's a crime, but it was a bad business enough. I wasn't going steady when I did it. When I was 18, the first time I came across her, at the time I came a copper with her, but I married her."

"Well, you're an Episcopalian now, is it?" he asked, in take possession of the girl.

"I'm going to tell you all about it—all I want you to know. You are the first person that is asking you when I've told you, that is, except you when I've told you. So, Munden knows how far you do. He has been good to me—I know he would be; that's why I made for him when he was still all right."

He caught the fishing-rod which was drooping from her hands, as her face became white, and her eyes had a horrified and shocked look. Yet she seemed not to shrink from him, but to hold herself steady.

"What is there to tell about that?" she asked in a cheery voice.

"She was a cherub girl in a theatre. I was twenty-two, and I thought she was wonderfully clever and wonderfully good-looking. She had dark curly hair and pale blue eyes. The maniac was absent. Twenty a year she had run away with a million-dollar从 the Argentinian, and within another year she was dead."

With his last words the rigidity of Cora's figure relaxed, and it was evident that she was a woman again.

CHAPTER VIII. ENTER THE RINGER.

FOR DEE the world went well with her. She was the wife of Bert Archie, who was a home. No light blossoms a face like that which comes from a happy home.

ret., and Cora's face had that look of innocence which belongs to an unspoiled spirit or to a happy heart. She approached her and caressed the object, and all her work and all she did was touched with that grace, that plantation man, that henchman whom she never saw, who came to give her the life she had stepped with exceeding lightness; her head was held as high as though the world had never stanned; yet her joy did not make her soft. Her interest in everything increased, and so did her smile, and so did her eyes. And, as she increased, so did Mrs. Finley, who had done her duty well.

Munden certainly told her so with all his heart, and she believed him. There were times when he almost believed it, and when he converted state, and that he was truly and undeniably saved. He prayed with great eloquence; he occasionally preached with fire and wayward originality. Also



"What is there to tell about that?"
she asked in a cheery voice.

he did the work of Major with a cheerfulness which made him as popular as he was courageous, because of his unbraggant part.

A few days' journey north, Sheldon was playing his part with as adroit deftness as he could. He had been able to make the twenty thousand dollars which Mandes paid for a quarter of the mine most current assets. In the end it proved impossible. He had been too optimistic, but left no margin for accident or emergency. He had to sell out and the universe snatched him.

A knock down in the mine destroyed machinery; a sudden claim by the original owners proved a menace to the future. He struggled on under a load he could not greater than he could bear. It was to be. He had never believed that the twenty thousand dollars would be enough. He was quite prepared to get in much more money when Sheldon had given himself a right to a quarter of the mine. The result of it was the capacity of Gage's famous husband, and the result was world-wide

corporation, "the same
as ours?" he asked.
What do you mean?
When I say I got
my hand laid for you,
Everything's been
done, and the Devil's
not yet had his
risky one. Steve
hadn't had his
knockdown, but
he's been a
besser man
than Robert, you're
doubtless aware,
and your money
isn't lost, either.
I'm not at
anywhere near
Robert!" she said.
He is William H.
knows how to come
out. You know
the paper with me.

HELET Sheldan fight on, blindfolded forward to the day when he would stay to the rescue with much more money," said Mr. "Honest" Hartman. "That would be the day when he thinks he could be a partner with his own husband at the mines about which the West was beginning to speculate seriously. Everything seemed clear; there were no clouds in the sky. As Minerd used to himself: "There ain't no rainin' on the fire." Yet as one of the happiest days he has ever known is that in which his daughter graduated from college, he had first her's examination at the University is one-arranged and possibly, retires a sum of five cents stamping at the door.

Even while he walked with a swagger
the smile was in the dining-room where
Cora sat in half-dreamlike happiness with the
old maid who had come to her aid. Mrs.
Foster's arrival was welcome. While Minnie
clattered around at the girl, who had proved
that her intellect was an healthy an her
body and blushed rose in her cheeks, Betsy
Foster reported the arrival of Mrs. Fosters
son, the young man who was from the house
where she had thanked God for the gift
of her beloved child. She had never seen a
man so vivacious as the East Awake
House; and it was a shocking thing to her

FOR AN instant I drank in a dream thing. Yet the smile must be spread as wide as Simon, who made no private catastrophe that some kindly iteration of Simon's "How a man..."

"An' amazin', "Liza said, "what a joost the old Devil and hell are in am for sure. What givs a hood where you can't get a stook nor fire or water or a place to sleep at night?"
"I'm right," said the boy. "It's the Devil's fault."
"That's a goddamned good reason. I've been travelin' for the last twenty years now. If I like to rent ev'rywhere I go, what a bunch ya are here!"
Old Wimpy, the sun-baked, thin-faced, grizzled old man, who had been the object of an awe—H. H. Moby, down the greater town, plays the sky-pilot, runs the inn, the ladies' gallop up with

shop," he said; "and when I get up there'll only be now in the best awhile if I have a room to meself an' me board and help it."

Then he threw himself sprawling on the sofa, and closed his eyes in sleep, but half a minute later they opened again. He saw his sister looking at him with no anger in her face which made him laugh in dreams.

"All right, Lass. Get that room ready for your lover," brother. He was tired, and certainly sank into a heavy sleep.

He sat up straight, his hands clasped, his gaze in a sitting posture and masked his wizened eyes. He caught sight of Milden seated with arms resting on the table in front of him. Milden's eyes were fixed on him; he had sat for a half-hour in the same posture, waiting till Steveth should wake.

For a moment the two men gazed at each other in silence. Struthers anticipated trouble, and was in a mood to fight. It was nearly twenty years since they had seen each other, and both had lived hard lives, but Struthers' life had been degraded, benighted and pernicious. He had only come to Abingdon to borrow money from his sister, but now his drunken mind saw but one thing—the sense of silence as to Coey's relationship

in Munden's face, and was met by an almost friendly smile. Munden spoke first.

"Have a drink," he said, pointing to a large glass pitcher of water with a tumbler beside it.

Stratton's lips were parched and dry.

"I'll have a glass," he said. "I'll have two."

winner buyer—a whole or two halves I'm after."

"This is a temperature hotel," Minnie replied smugly. "Try Adam's ale first. Then, when you're ripe step across the street for your beer."

A sullen, defiant look rose into Somers' face. "Temperature—shocked. Not out of most three—two holy Christmases with a Christian boy keeping a drop-out house. What's a hotel for if it ain't for drink—good spiritual drink?"

"Well, then, it's all the all you'll get.

"Well, now," said the dry regg, "I expect drink's is the word; it goes. But there ain't any—spec'ous drink to he had here, if you must have it. Just toddle across the way. But of I had a sharn like yours, I'd make that pitcher of water look smell in about two thirty seconds. Sip it up, man. There'll be room for the bigger after what you want now in roomin'."

"I want money for the lager," was the sober reply. "I'm dead broke, but if I wasn't I'd still want money for the lager. I ain't here for nothing—*I ain't* work for nothing," I tell you that." He stumbled forward to the table. "I'm here for my own good—that's why I'm here, and I'm here for good and all, and even that's undermined!"

"All right, Bob, you can have the money for the ledger," he replied, "but I'd really like you to have a dozen or the wine of the country first. I'd like you to show your

What is Wrong With the Railroads?

By E. J. Chamberlin

President of the Grand Trunk Western Section

EDITOR'S NOTE.—There is a disposition to blame the railroads for all the national ills that the country is suffering from. Delayed transportation has been advanced as the cause of the scarcity of and the high cost of foodstuffs, and even the continuance of manufacturing. The railroads have failed, according to the critics, in the hour of greatest need. At the request of the *Editor* of MacLean's Magazine, President E. J. Chamberlin, of the Grand Trunk System, sets forth in the following message the underlying causes of the present railway difficulties and also suggests how ultimately relief may be found. The conditions arising out of the war must necessarily continue until peace is declared.

YOU ASK, "What is wrong with the redsox?" The reply is one word: "WAR." Although we are removed from the scene of actual hostility by thousands of miles, war conditions prevail on this continent as they do in Europe. The conflict has wrought great changes in our residential life. A struc-

has been placed upon the whole fabric of
business that has taxed it to the breaking
point. The conditions that obtain to-day
in our great industries were unknown
before the war and the railroads cannot
be blamed if they
failed to see
the coming of
such a condition.
It did
not happen a month ago that
the world
and each month
has brought an
increase in the
severity of its
effects.

The period immediately before the opening of hostilities was marked by a tremendous decline in railroad traffic. Not unusual till to the vanishing point. There were tens of thousands of idle freight

ers and hundreds of idle locomotives. The confidence of investors in railroad securities had been as shaken by the persistent and successful efforts of various bodies to prevent the roads from receiving a fair payment for the transportation service rendered that new capital was with great difficulty to obtain. Without the necessary capital it was impossible for the railroads to possess with plant for developing facilities and improving the transportation mechanism to meet uncertain future needs. The railroads were

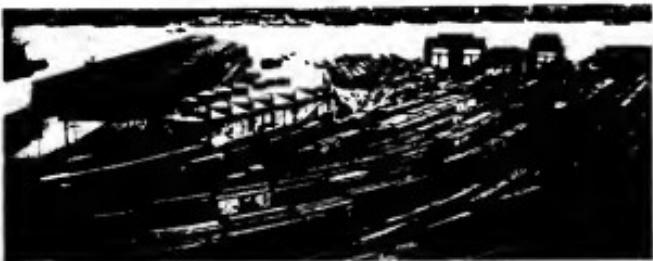
garded to handle efficiently the business offering. They have been called upon, however, during the past two years, to carry a burden of magnitude that would previously have been considered outside the realms of possibility.



S. J. Chambers,
Secretary of the Grand South African Society



Continued on page 3



This illustrates why railway traffic has become concentrated—terminal wharf crowded with loaded cars and no ships to take the freight off. Millions have been lost because the cars must wait for ships to take over.

tonnage of finished products in a steady stream towards the seacoast. The pressure from the manufacturing centres for supplies has been great. The demand for industrial needs has decreased so that all munitions, etc., excepted overseas by sea immediately. The efficiency of the railroads in handling this great amount of heavy traffic has been somewhat by recent winter conditions. This has naturally been irregular owing to the shortness of ships. The result has been that every railway terminal has become congested with cars, thus awaiting the arrival of ships at the stations at the points of loading. Days have passed at many of the greatest ports on the Atlantic seaboard when ships have not been a single vessel on hand to receive cargo. In addition to the increased tonnage there and prevents the free use of the terminals for interval movement. Railway terminals, unfortunately, are not elastic and with such conditions prevailing designs to reduce were made. It must be admitted that the bulk of the rail traffic has been eastward without an equivalent movement west.

THE remarkable increase in Canada's business may be gathered by a glance at these expert and report figures.

CANADA'S EXPORTS.

1934... \$109,736,493
1935... \$141,293,446

\$47,500,000 Increase in 1935

CANADA'S IMPORTS.

1934... \$50,575,493
1935... \$60,213,313

\$10,638,000 Increase in 1935

This increased national business has meant an addition to the freight tonnage of the railways of more than fifty percent. While the demands upon the roads have been ever increasing, the amount of

THE interests of the railroads and the public are identical, and the present situation should serve to strengthen the bonds of mutual trust which should be carried on their business in a manner that will allow of continuous development in order to keep up with the increasing needs of transportation. The railroads need:

- Greater terminal facilities.
- More side tracks.
- More double tracks.
- More equipment.

Under a burden of increased expenses the railroads are continuing to give service at the rates that were too low even before the depression. The railroads could be obtained at much lower prices than is possible today. The assumption that, because of the abnormal volume of traffic offering, the railroads are not entitled to a return of their capital will lead to a continuation of the conditions which are now complained of. The railroads must be allowed to earn a net income sufficient to pay fair dividends if they are to obtain the new capital necessary to meet the increased demands for the service that the public demands. Investors will in the future look for larger returns upon their capital and just as long as railroads are restricted to carrying the present load of tonnage, the railroads will continue to find grave difficulties in providing necessary new works to keep ahead of industrial expansion and the heavier life of the country. The railroads will not return to normal until these periods of acute congestion.

The welfare of the railroads is of national importance and the selfish interests of no one section or class should be allowed to interfere with their proper development along sound lines.



Labor available for the railways has been greatly increased since the last war. The demand for labor has been constant. Thousands of our skilled engineers have answered the Empire's call and gone overseas and the reserves have not been able to fill the gaps in the railroad ranks.

At Ruhleben

In an early number will appear the experiences of a young Canadian who was imprisoned for almost two years in the detention camp at Ruhleben, just outside Berlin. It is an intensely interesting narrative, telling of the real conditions and actual experiences of interned English civilians.

George Lane—Millionaire Rancher

By
NORMAN LAMBERT

ANY YEAR, just after the first of January, when the banks begin to hold their annual meetings, go down to a certain comfortable old-fashioned hotel on Front Street, Toronto, and take one of the fresh pages of a newly-arrived newspaper to read the biography of George Lane, Calgary, Alberta, written in a big swashy hand. From that antiseptic you might turn around, and pick out the man who wrote it, if he happened to be sitting at a table near the entrance of the bar. Invariably he would be wearing a dark, broad-brimmed Stetson which had been a constant mark of abandonment for many years, and inexplicably elegant with expense of tailoring. He would not

be the man of powdered hair which many might bleed profusely with the dust of the prairie, the weathered planes in his saddle bags, nor the man of the sunburnt face and with the unshaven stride of the cowboy which has never quite left him, despite his present age of seventy. George Lane has the West written all over him. Talk to him, and the expansive verbiage of the cowboy is born again, and you feel 50% of the love and admiration for a shrewd-looking pair of deepest blue eyes, brightening the expression of the West. You begin unconsciously to stir with that indescribable responsiveness which a memory of the frontier, the days of the cattle trail, the buckskin Indians, is the soul of any normal man. As you hear about boundless acres and thousands of livestock feeding upon them, you are thinking out power to the banks, and you wonder what the manager of the First National of Job, except that Job was supposed to have resided in the far East, is doing, settling in business firms amongst cattle to such the extent, the magnificence of the architecture of the West as George Lane.

When Lane comes to Toronto on his regular annual tour it is not through any consideration of the bank meetings, most of which happen to be held here each year, although he is a man of considerable ability, but a little banking business to do, being under the necessity of operating such farms, a plant of some thirty thousand acres, a "lot of credit" is necessary, and he finds it very much with the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal, the Head Office in Toronto, as a result of his annual trip to the East. Chicago, New York, Montreal and Ottawa are also visited in the tour, which is really one of the best round-trip tours of markets, and the whole world to his friend. George indeed has constructed a wonderful agricultural business which separated from an splendid lands in the foothills of the Rockies. Some people say that George Lane has the sort of industrial interests to expand, and in the



A bright sunny day started in a sensible way with a cup of **Instant Postum**. Of course she is cheery and winsome.

"*There's a Reason*"

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gives

Strength to Win





If you work with your hands—

you may think that, to remove the dirt and grime, it is necessary to put up with strong, harsh soap.

Try Ivory Soap and you will find that it cleans the hands without cutting away the dirt through friction and without cutting away the dirt through the action of free alkali. It does not irritate the skin in any way and yet—it cleans.

Ivory Soap removes the dirt by softening, loosening and dissolving it. Ivory is able to do this because its lather is so copious, rich, thick, lasting, and because it is so pure and so high in quality.

Ivory Soap is unusual in its combination of mildness and efficiency. It is a delightful surprise to all who have been keeping clean at the expense of the comfort and appearance of the skin.

5 CENTS

IVORY SOAP  99½% PURE
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isolated condition has been made the victim of the railroad and the banks of the mountains. If such be the case, the most refined specimen like Lane for their success, is indeed great. By sheer ability, caused by any other power than his own will, has planned, conducted and carried out a movement which has made him a sufficient statesman twice over. He has reached his present position through close applica-



George Lane

tion in the science of producing things from the soil. He has not sought advice from outside interests, many of which are only too ready to give him. He has studied the conditions here, has been working out his own ideas, and in that way has raised agriculture in one instance at least to the place where it belongs.

The story of George Lane's success reaches back forty-five years to the day when as a sixteen-year-old lad he struck out for himself across the plains from Oklahoma to Montana, driving horses and cattle. He worked his way west, near Lethbridge, in 1886, and as a child went with his parents to western Kansas, or Oklahoma as it is known to-day. The tree to Montana was then undertaken, his beginning as a shepherd. It was on his early trip, that first venture across the plains

of the Western States, the boy occupied the saddle seat. When he got to Montana, he joined a ranching outfit, and spent the next twenty years as a cowhand, learning all he could about cattle and horses. In 1894 Lane crossed the line into Canada, and became a foreman. That was the day in Alberta when the rancher held undisputed sway over the broad lands of the West. There were no forests or railways to hinder or restrict the cowboys' riders in rounding up their herds. Lane had to learn to one of the best cattle men on the range.

An interesting story it will be the old-timers about the first time that George Lane became a prominent figure in Alberta. It was at Pecos Creek in Vegreville, in 1900, when the first mail came to Canada. John Herren, a well-known cattleman in the Pecos Creek district, and a famous wrangler, had arranged a match with a renowned wrangler from the States. A big crowd assembled at Pecos Creek to witness the contest, and the wrangler from all parts of the football country. A board platform had been erected for the two wranglers, and as the two contestants finally appeared ready for their trial of strength, it was all a pulpily curious crowd who beat them, and shouting a fat full of money over the head of Herren who was the smaller of the two gladiators, shouted, "Herren ride on the little fellow." The "little fellow" was George Lane. The judge declared it was George Lane, whom the money of the day had given to be pre-eminent amongst the men of the football.

In 1902 the founders of the North-West Cattle Company became an independent cattle company, and purchased several herds of cattle. Pecos horses became Lane's. He had made up his mind that the Pecos horse was the best herd of heavy horses for use in Western Canada, and immediately set forth to cultivate that herd of animals. He had to raise a ranch, and to buy over thirty thousand of cattle horses and ponies, the poor features of the stock in the hand of pure bred Pecos horses. For twenty years George Lane has been specializing in Pecos horses, and the result of what is generally considered amongst herders to be, the finest and most energetic Pecos breeding establishment in the world. It is indeed a far cry between Le Peche, situated in all probability where the tree of the knowledge of good and evil stands, and the big valleys and bunches of the Alberta foothills where the old stall is bearing fruit. He has on his beautiful ranch of 35,000 acres west of High River, some 300 head of Pecos horses, fifteen mares and foals, fifteen colts, and three year-old stallions. In addition to keep upwards of 3000 work horses. His other herd, of fine head of cattle, 1,200 heads and 300 sheep, 1,500 ewes, are raised and sold annually. Fifteen hundred and fifteen hundred head of fat cattle and fifteen hundred hogs are marketed every year. In addition to that extensive live stock business, Lane has had a grain crop there past two years amounting each year to more than a quarter of a million bushels.

LANE is one hardy soul, "do not waste anything." He is not a grain grower, and he is not a speculator. Grains are grown on his ranches for his feed teams, the surplus he sells. Lane is the biggest

of the Western States. The task occupies the entire summer. When he gets to Montana, he joined a ranching outfit, and spent the next twenty years as a cowhand, learning all he could about cattle and horses. In 1894 Lane crossed the line into Canada, and became a foreman. That was the day in Alberta when the rancher held undisputed sway over the broad lands of the West. There were no forests or railways to hinder or restrict the cowboys' riders in rounding up their herds. Lane had to learn to one of the best cattle men on the range.

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Our aim was to demonstrate the fact that in Valspar we had produced a varnish that was not only very durable but absolutely waterproof.

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"Various groups" refer to the original method indicated by Mrs. Sherck and approved by us less a person than His Excellency Queen Mary, who has taken a great interest in her beginning.

To begin at the beginning. The late Sir George Ross was the first influential person approached in regard to this innovation. He was the Hon. George Grey, now Sir George Grey, Minister of Education, Ontario. On the suggestion of Mrs. Sherck's "experimental school" and was struck by the success of her methods even in its infancy. Upon his return to Toronto, he sent her a large photograph of himself, with his wife and two sons, in a window for many days, and when it was taken almost my formal audience of pictures of what is the most valuable collection of pictures drawn from an educational standpoint in Canada—perhaps in the world. Enclosed with the application, Mr. Sherck got her application accepted and submitted them to the Department of Education. The result was that in 1907 "views" were introduced as part of the public school curriculum. The mode of teaching was as follows:

Photographs of the Mayor, his council, and the various boards of administration; every public-spirited citizen; representatives of the Canadian Government, the Provincial Ministers and on every general subject of the Province; federal administration is similarly taught by photos of the Governor-General, Prince Moltke, His Cabinet and so on. Having learned something of the governing of Canada, the children

are not unprepared to tackle the intricacies of Imperial politics. This is represented by groups of our regular subjects and family.

If the reader grasps a moment's thought, it will be evident that such a method could have far-reaching effects upon the nation. Beginning with the monarchy, one readily merges into the Province. From that to the Federal in but a step, and from Dominion to Empire—and so on, until the Government General, is only a small jump.

With rare exceptions, Mrs. Sherck was encouraged in the furtherance of her plan, which, of course, depended largely upon the Royal Family. She soon found (she says) the many royal visitors and guests that she had invited not only to Sir George Ross, Sir John Bourne, the Hon. Oliver Fisher, Dr. Steelin, and Lord Minto, but also the Duke and Duchess of York, who had given her a large gift, and submitted them to the Department of Education. The result was that in 1907 "views" were introduced as part of the public school curriculum. The mode of teaching was as follows:

For the most interesting collection of Royal photos was sent Mrs. Sherck at the time of Queen Mary's visit when she and King George V were in Canada last December. It will be remembered that they were the Duke and Duchess of York at the same time.

To the intense disappointment of the citizens of Fort William and Port Arthur, it was learned that no steamer had been arranged, and no group of persons in all the city felt so entirely disengaged as did the brain people of the Dufferin School. So when "Our Prince and Princess" were not

strangers, but familiar friends, whose lives had been watched with eager interest from the radios of the school-room wall, and it was with infinite impatience that they waited to see the Royal Highnesses. They were disappointed, however, when they were stopped in their tracks by the fact that the Royal family, but who had expected to see them, had been unable to leave the ship, the disease which prevents an apparently free movement. In Canada relationships are more familiar, social occasions are more or less a matter of convenience. The children could not understand this.

Their distress was more than Mrs. Sherck could bear. She telephoned Lord Minto asking whether something could not be done. The days passed and became harder to lift the child mind—beginning to fade, until the morning of the great day dawned. Then the news was received that the Royal Highnesses were turned over twenty minutes in Fort William, and Their Royal Highnesses would remain Mrs. Sherck and twenty of her pupils.

But the supreme pleasure of the week has been Queen Mary's appreciation of the work of the Dufferin School, and of the efforts of our local people. In a letter to the Times she was recommended that it be taught in British schools, and she backed her request by a gift of fifty pounds—a foundation fund, in a way, with which to buy pictures for the London schools.

REVIEWS & REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

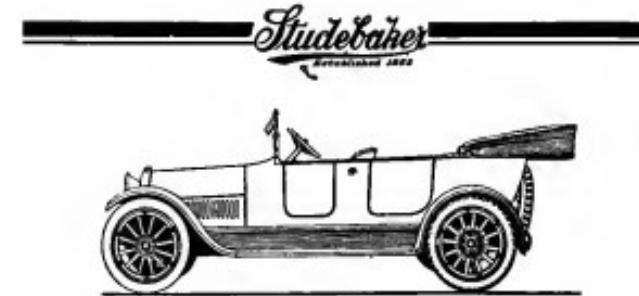
Contents of Reviews

The Story of the Maple Abridged by Antonine Maillet.

A MOTORCYLE progress has been rapid during the past year and the 1917 car is a remarkable engineering triumph in many important respects. Changes have been made in the bodies, increasing lightness, more room and comfort and a big advance in appearance. The chief advance, however, has been in the motor and power provided for both driver and passenger. The 1917 is almost like a luxuriant apartment, or complete in appointments.

This increase in comfort is reflected in all good and native cars, from the lightest, simplest models, to the small roadster. The whole story of automobile magic shows in the 1917 models as told by Joseph Brink in *1917 Models*. He says in part:

The 1917 models in the range of conventional sedans and limousines, from the lightest, simplest models, to the small roadster. The whole story of automobile magic shows in the 1917 models as told by Joseph Brink in *1917 Models*. He says in part:



ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO THIS FOREMOST "MADE-IN-CANADA" CAR

THE Military Hospitals Commission of Canada, with headquarters at Ottawa, Ont., has purchased six new four-cylinder, forty-horse power Studebaker Touring Cars.

These Studebaker cars are now in constant service throughout Eastern Canada in connection with the efficient work of the commission. Invalid soldiers, returning from the trenches on furlough or for hospital treatment, are being transported from place to place in these silent, smooth-running, powerful Studebakers.

In war and peace alike, Studebaker is always at the forefront. On the fields of France and Flanders, Studebaker Ambulances have hastened relief under conditions of roads and weather which demonstrated that the QUALITY and SERVICE which once earned forth such enthusiastic praise from the late Lord Roberts, in his report to the British Parliament following the Boer War, is still being built into vehicles which bear the name STUDEBAKER.

The deep, restful comfort of the Studebaker's

luxurious upholstery, the smooth, vibrationless power and perfect balance of the chassis, the long resilient springs, the close of moving parts, the safety of the full-floating rear axle and over-size brakes—the all-around dependability of Studebaker cars—make them especially adapted for work of this nature.

Every Studebaker car sold in the Dominion and overseas is built in the great Studebaker factories at Walkerville. In these modern plants every detail of manufacture is given the exhaustive attention characteristic of Canadian manufacturers. Careful individual attention is given to each separate car, and the buyer of a Studebaker car in Canada may purchase with the knowledge that he is getting a real "Made-in-Canada" product—a motor car designed and built to meet all the emergencies and difficulties of driving which motorists in Canada encounter.

See the new Series 15 Studebaker cars now. Ride in them—drive them yourself. Know why they are the ultimate choice of discriminating motor car purchasers everywhere.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

Four Cylinder	\$1675
Four Tourist Car	\$1775
Four Arms Mountain Car	\$1975
Four Ladies Boudoir	\$2025

All Prices F.O.B. Walkerville

STUDEBAKER
Walkerville, Ont.

Studebaker	Light Six Sedan
Studebaker	Light Six Coupe
Studebaker	Light Six Station Wagon
Studebaker	Light Six Roadster
Studebaker	Light Six Limousine

All Prices F.O.B. Walkerville



If a Strong Man Were Bound

he'd be in the same fix as a sulphated battery — full muscled, strong, willing yet helpless. A sulphated battery cannot deliver its power. Slowly but surely it deteriorates and finally dies.

All lead and storage batteries are subject to numerous sulphation except the EVEREADY Storage Battery. The only guaranteed non-sulphating battery. It can be allowed to stand discharged for weeks without sulphating, naturally.

EVEREADY is the only battery that frees you from frequent and expensive charging bills which are really sulphation removal bills. That is why you can buy EVEREADY with a written guarantee that protects your battery service.

EVEREADY Batteries are made in sizes and styles for every make of car, every size and style of battery box.

Dealers should write us immediately for our liberal propositions embracing a special contract for Eveready Service Stations in open territory, which makes handling the EVEREADY a particularly attractive battery proposition.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Limited

Toronto, Ontario

Makers of the famous EVEREADY Flashlights—needed by every car owner.

Dollars Consumption:
Starting Type: 110 years;
Lighting and Function Type: 2 years.



EVEREADY DISTRIBUTORS AND SERVICE STATIONS, HALIFAX TO VANCOUVER

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John Milne & Son Company, Limited, Halifax, N.S.

Each Columbia Battery is inspected 15 times in the making. Not only is the average Columbia good, but each individual battery is known to be right before it leaves our hands.

CANADIAN
NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario



Patented spring-cell training plan, no more charge.



Your Delivery Horse Is Eating Up Your Profits

Mind you, we are not blaming the horse—it is your delivery system that will be found at fault on investigation.

Just stop and consider to what extent the high cost of doing business could be reduced by the introduction of an up-to-date delivery system.

Your business—whether it be Manufacturing, Wholesale and Retail, could use a Little Giant to advantage.

In every case where the Little Giant Motor Truck has supplanted the horse-drawn vehicle the saving has been gratifying from the start.

There is a "Little Giant" for every requirement. We have a model that will just suit your business and result in the elimination of a big leak in your profits.

Tell us your business, whether manufacturing, wholesale or retail, and we will send you information that is bound to interest you. Write to-day.

CANADIAN PNEUMATIC TOOL COMPANY, LIMITED

For Treatment Approval

Toronto Branch,
157 Church Street

379 Craig Street West, Montreal, Que.
CEO. J. SHEPPARD, Vice-Pres. and Manager

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT



**Isn't it worth a dollar
to be sure of a finish that lasts?**

If you want to paint your own home you would not consider the paint as unimportant detail. Why, first and over the paint question when you give a painter the job?

In fact, it is all the more important where a painter is doing good work to choose his paint carefully. Using something better than just "average" paint. Demand that your house be painted well.

R-H "ENGLISH" PAINT

Then you will find your house looking as fresh and bright as the thermometer and as it was the day the painting was done. It is well to remember that paint dries faster in the sun—so paint early—and that house owners are updating their houses.

1995 年 1 月 1 日

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Write as far beneath ruler marks and tree booklets before you complete Arrangement for your Spring Meeting.

A Few EJM Statistics

THE CHINA LACQUER MUSEUM

21 miles. In an interesting manner, the
lakes to which you can get "Chinese
Cocktail Shells," because you can
see this wonderful horned shellfish
in the water, it is considered
a great delicacy. It is a
sea life and a Tremendous will be
seen here. You can also see the
other species to become here
and there.

Schrader

AIR IS CHEAP— USE PLENTY OF IT

Nothing is as economical in the life of your car as air.
Use it to temper those new tires.
Use it over tires all the time.

The only way to know how much you need is to measure it in a Schrader Universal.

The Pressure Gauge
will tell you how much air has been spending a great deal more money than you need ever spent.

Price \$1.25.

For Sale by The Maclean Publishing Co., Ltd.
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Schrader Universal is a registered
a Great Price and rare Good
Quality in the Pressure-Purity
Division. "There is a reason."

How Motor Trucks Cut Cost

An article on the Problems of Delivery and Service.

THIS was a time when business men were ready to discuss the relative merits of motor trucks and horses for delivery purposes. Nowadays all doubt has vanished, for the motor truck has demonstrated its superior power. And the subject now demands the reduction of costs and the further speeding up of service. On these phases A. V. Morris writes a special article in *Spirres*, saying, in part:

The effectiveness of the motor truck is rapidly increased by the formula speed + load.

Given a motor truck which develops four times the speed of a horse and carries four times the load, the resulting effectiveness is four times that of the horse. This figure correctly represents the possible effectiveness of the average five-ton truck. When the load is doubled, however, the figure is multiplied by two, and must have been reported when one truck has done the work of two horses.

If in addition, however, the conditions are found where a truck can make use of its maximum speed and carry an overload without difficulty, then the figure increases to less than half their possible effectiveness. The position of the business man, therefore, lies in asking, "What is the best load to take in order to capacity as possible?" If heavy in fact, half far short of the possible effectiveness of the truck will result in a profit from the operation of his trucks.

An enterprising advertising man in Chicago recently made a study of the cost of the effective use of motor-trucks, property handled, under supposedly unfavorable conditions.

A motor truck for loading sand and gravel is used in pricing Western Kansas. This company had no delivery equipment, but was nevertheless eager to find out whether or not they would prove economical for work of that kind.

The cost was based on a load of sand which is to be delivered to various points in the state. The cost-outset was signed at forty cents a yard, the percentage rate paid to the drivers being 10 per cent of gross or added.

The figures made an impression.

Local material, such as sand and gravel, is generally sold at a price of 10 cents a yard. The men in which it is carried vary in type. Some have hopper bottoms, some have right angles, some have drop chutes extending the length of the carts.

With a pair of horses heading two-pint dump wagons, loaded by the driver and two helpers, the cost is 15 cents a yard, figuring a speed of three miles an hour, as in actual.

Working hours, 10.

Delivery time, 15 minutes.

Trucking time, 20 minutes.

Unloading time, 5 minutes.

Number of loads, 15.

Number of yards, 30.

Driver's pay, 10 cents a yard.

Total gross income, \$12.

The income of twelve dollars a day for a two-horse team, one driver and two helpers is considerably above the average. For teams forty cents a yard is a fair average.

In view of the possibility of cutting costs, the company engaged a consulting engineer with considerable success. The preparation of the survey was a student of transportation experience. We are at once that the idea of the consultant was excellent.

The practice of collecting loose materials from freight cars had created the discipline of operating a motor truck. The cost of delivery remained — namely, that there was very greatly in danger. Moreover, none but a professional

Continued on page 62

You Want More Money

WE NEED YOUR SPARE TIME
—LET'S GET TOGETHER

Let us show you the way to increase your income by any means possible. If your present salary isn't quite sufficient to live up to your ambitions, let us help you get the money for them. In this case, financial and social services offered by us.

The best part of our money-making plan is, as time is wasted, and, what you can earn from your regular employment. It is necessary to be an easy way to increase your income. We do not ask you to leave your regular employment. Work 3 or 4 hours a day and the full results will soon be yours.

Now is just the time to start—the days are long and the spring is here. Take your vacation and spare time into cash by becoming our district representative.

Paid overtime, without obligation, free or report.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE TORONTO, ONTARIO



"Free as the winds that blow, so far as
shaving is concerned, is the motoring tourist who
takes along a

GILLETTE Safety Razor

He is independent of barber shops, and undisturbed by primitive shaving conveniences, or even soap at all. For the clean, smooth comfort of the Gillette shave is due to the razor itself—not to surroundings or trimmings. The Gillette is always ready for action—wherever there is soap and water—and it never disappoints.

Make it a part of your touring equipment, either in the form of the Standard Gillette Set—the sturdy "Bulldog"—the compact Pocket Edition—or the handy Combination Set. Every good Hardware, Drug or Jewelry Store along the route is a Gillette "Service Station", where you can get Gillette Blades if you need them.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
OFFICE AND FACTORY—GILLETTE BUILDING, MONTREAL

The Retail Merchant---A Wonderful National Asset

THERE are more than 50,000 retail merchants in Canada. They employ more than 250,000 people. Half a million more people are directly dependent on the retail business for a living.

Each year goods pass across their counters worth more than a billion and a half dollars.

A vast army of distributors—no less important in the Nation's work to-day than the great army of producers.

These 50,000 merchants and their quarter of a million employees are a most vital factor in the existence of Canada—but they could become a still greater factor if they worked at 100% efficiency.

At this very hour the Nation is asking the utmost efficiency in every line of business. This means that all of us must change our gait and do more than an ordinary day's work.

This applies to the merchant who distributes as well as to the farmer and manufacturer who produces.

In order to become thoroughly efficient, there must be no waste motion, no lost energy, no needless labor, no careless use of money.

What a wonderful opportunity there is for the 50,000 retail merchants in Canada, to become personally efficient, and enable their quarter of a million employees to become more efficient—to work better, faster and more accurately.

The National Cash Register Company have utilized years of experience, brains and energy in devising a mechanical means of accomplishing this most necessary efficiency. Our new model Registers stop losses, mistakes, temptation, dishonesty and carelessness. They are indispensable to the merchant who desires the highest possible efficiency in running his store, and are helpful to every ambitious clerk. They save time, worry and money.

Without obliging yourself in any way, write us to-day for full particulars. We will gladly furnish them.

The National Cash Register Company of Canada, Limited
TORONTO - CANADA



DUNLOP TIRES

— Getting the Unusual —

More tread than usual, more mileage than usual, more satisfaction than usual, only go with unusual tires like the Dunlop "Traction" or "Special."

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co.

Limited

Head Office and Factories:

TORONTO

BRANCHES:

Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

Makers of High Grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Bicycles, Motorcycles, and Commercial and High-Speed Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire Hose, and General Heavy, Dodge Sisters, Military Equipment, Mass. Flying, Hoses and Sacks, Hose-Rope Poles, Concrete and General Building Supplies.



A Continual Source of Revenue

Always has an appeal to a thirsty customer.

Keeps all Beverages cool and refreshing, aids beauty and gives an attractive appearance to your counter.

A "Perfection" Cooler

is Different.

It is so constructed as to insure a cool, healthful drink free from all impure ice matter.

Two Glass Compartments

This adds to its efficiency by holding two flavors at once and gives it an ever welcome appearance.

Invest in a "Perfection" Cooler as you never saw one before.

Write for free Advertising Kit.

**Perfection Cooler Co.
Limited**

23 Alice Street, TORONTO



To Tell Canadian Housewives the Advantages of Electrical Appliances

Early in the spring we will open a tremendous advertising campaign to acquaint the thousands of housewives in Canada with Canadian Beauty goods. Electrical dealers everywhere in the Dominion should make a note of this. It will be the largest advertising campaign ever attempted by any electrical heating manufacturer.

CANADIAN BEAUTY Electric Appliances

The big campaign will embrace about every medium that will insure positive results to dealers. We are preparing attractive Window Displays, Display Cards, Price Cards, Pedestals, etc., that will attract attention on your store and bring customers inside. There will be Lantern Slides which you can use in the theatres of your city. Folders, advertisements in Street Cars, Magazines and Newspapers. All these things will make "Canadian Beauty" Electrical Appliances better known than ever. You, as Canadian Beauty dealers, will have unusual opportunity to sell your goods. If you are not at present a "Canadian Beauty" dealer, write to Society and get in on this



Continued from page 50
able device would do, and the trouble and expense of getting lumber from one lot to another. Otherwise these railroad companies might also be expected.

The most difficult part of the job was to manufacture a suitable trailer, (in the form of a 10 ft. box) mounted on wheels so constructed that the whole frame could be tilted up or down according to the height of the truck being loaded. Two sets of brackets were of two-part construction, and the brackets were bolted to the trailer. One of these brackets was fastened to the rear of the trailer, the brackets being tipped toward the rear while it was being loaded. Two good shovels could dig a deep trench in the soft earth in seconds. Four or five shovels were used in each case, and the capacity of each shovel was such that the load could be dumped into the body of the average 1-ton dump truck. Each bracket was tilted back before the truck came to be loaded, so the truck would then drive up alongside, the front wheel resting on the bank and the load deposited in the body. The team would then move about a few rods farther around the truck and the process would be repeated.

The whole process of loading the truck—entirely of shoveling into the brackets, which were tilted back—was completed in less than ten minutes. The ground, therefore, was 30 times faster to load than by hand.

By the use of five five-ton trucks with teams hauled operated by the master and with the leading driver under him, the work of the 10-ton truck was done and the team began to look for different trees that which received the honors of teams hauling and loading by sheer strength.

Working hours: 10 hours per day—1 mile
Loadings per day: 4 miles
Trucking time: 8 minutes
Tilting time: 2 minutes
Number of trips: 25.2
Number of miles: 25.2
Number of shovels: 40
Rate per shovel: 40 cents
Shovel gross income: \$20.24

This remarkable work was not accomplished, however, except by regular planning. On the first day of work, the team worked 10 hours and made 10 trips over the average road. The fact is, with such enormous quantities of woodcut, headed daily, which were piled up, the team worked 10 hours and made 10 trips, the average per minute was 12.20 miles. For five minutes, it was 50.00 for the average per minute.

In order to show the above 10 loads minutes time necessary, here is a record of the work done by the team. The following table shows the details next with in one hour of an average day's work:

ONE HOUR.	
Held up by trailer (estimated)	\$.25
Held up by trailer car (2 minutes)	.25
Driver disconnected to leave tail-gate	.25
Driver disconnected to leave tail-gate	.25
Loaded by trailer car another load on	.25
Special trailer paid up equipped with heavy load	.25
Stacked at dumping point (2 miles)	.25
Total load time 200 minutes	\$2.25

The income of the average timberman from hauling logs material from the cut-offs, a round trip distance of one mile at 10 miles per hour, was \$12.00 per hour. The motor truck cost \$1000.00 to buy, and \$100.00 to run and made twice as valuable that the average team if it had every hour from eight and a quarter to nine and a half hours, and could easily take the benefit income of the team itself.

The cost of handling and moving expense

as a normal railway station forms an important part of the total budget of an express company, and the revenue gained from the use of means of moving the goods is important. The enormous revenues in a big city, the fact that the men allotted to moving merchandise are not available for other purposes, the express company must make use of every expedient for handling its business at its re-



Increase Record Keeping Efficiency

Keep a CENTRALIZED Card Index of the vital records of your business.

One operator at an Office Specialty Card Record Desk has perfect control of from 12 to 18 thousand Ledger Accounts, Purchasing Records, Stock Records, or any other records essentially important in the conduct of your business, are at finger's ends all the time—no lost motion, decreased operating expense—naturally more economical and efficient.

We have a descriptive Folder which gives the complete particulars you desire. Ask for a copy.

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.

HOME OFFICE and FACTORIES:
NEWMARKET, ONT.

TORONTO	WINNIPEG	MONTREAL	OTTAWA	EDMONTON	HALIFAX	VANCOUVER
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TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT STORES

NEWARK, N.J. BIRMINGHAM, ALBANY, N.Y.

DETROIT, MICH. BOSTON, MASS. SEATTLE, WASH.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. CHICAGO, ILL. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

BIRMINGHAM, AL. BIRMINGHAM, AL. BIRMINGHAM, AL.

ATLANTA, GA. BIRMINGHAM, AL. BIRMINGHAM, AL.

MEMPHIS, TENN. BIRMINGHAM, AL. BIRMINGHAM, AL.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BIRMINGHAM, AL. BIRMINGHAM, AL.

NEW YORK, N.Y. BIRMINGHAM, AL. BIRMINGHAM, AL.

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Beauty, Convenience, Durability

THESE THREE POINTS ARE ESSENTIAL

If you are to get the utmost service and satisfaction from your bookcases, the way to get them is to insist on the world-famous "Macy" sectional cases when fitting out your library.



With high, wide wide, 15 in. deep

*Send for our "Macy Style Book". It's
sent to you absolutely free of charge*

This beautifully illustrated book gives you full information about the Macy sectional cases as well as valuable information of interest, and should be in the hands of every book owner.

No matter whether you have a few books or a large number, we can supply just the case you need at the price you can afford to pay.

For Sale by all Leading Furniture Dealers

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

Built for All-around Office Work

With seating surface built entirely around and above a heavy base, the "Knee" Bench is built for all-around office work. It has a high back, a wide seat, and a sturdy support.

Save Space in one of the "Knee" Benches

There is no "dead" space in neck room between the back and the seat, so there is more room for knee room. The "Knee" Bench is built for all-around office work.

If you require special types of knee room, a special model is available upon special order.

Write today, quoting your requirements.

The "Knee" Bench will save time and money.

Knee R. Smith & Co., Montreal, Quebec.
Montreal, Quebec, Canada.



possibly, didn't she look down on you?" Well, a dragon has to be in his castle, I suppose, to turn the stomach. So, see, that kindredness. Don't think because I'm converted and joined the church that I can't be any longer. Bob Struthers had a good laugh over that. "I used to have to tell lots of you men that my grandfather in any way, except respectful. You've surely got one of your kind. Here, you drink that water"—he put the pitcher and glass from the table—"and then, from the bottle, you'll have a tiny taste of beer. I mean beer. I've given you as much beer as I ever had, and there's a point where I'm not going to check it. Drink now—drink as much as you want. If it do you good."

IN THERE behind days Struthers had always been the master and Struthers had knocked down to him. His tractability however, had ever been measured by the amount of physical punishment he received.

"That went in the pub was like old times, wasn't it?" continued Morden with the smile which had been on his face when Struthers walked in.

"Yes," responded the now quiet sobered man. "Christina! You've got as much dead as you as per silks but it's here in the bone—the man's only smile-beholder. Your grandfather was a local grocer, on the street of us in your town, and your grandfather had a son just as I have, Struthers. You won't go" to check it out. You'll go back to the old game, all right. Why, I might as well try to drown that swash every day!" he recited to the same empty pitcher of water. "I'm not afraid of what you say. I keep good looks in it, sir, you'll see that. Talk about being saved, when every day you know it! You're only three years old now, you know, and you were three years old for certain, old enough."

Morden was now back again in his chair at the table, master of himself, with a friendly look in his face, and his voice well-modulated.

"I think that's some truth in what you say, Robert Struthers," he recited. "I know, I know! but all the more reason I should let you get to know who I am. You have a remarkable nature and you had a lot of experience out of getting religion. I haven't wanted to do what I used to do. I been happy and respected. I have a son—yes, I have an only son. There weren't for other people, though, something for them, and—"

STRUTHERS was a mongrel ever really, and so he left had made him a rather brat. If anybody could have him it was Morden, who had forced it on him to do things he never would have done, the black sheep, the under-world, the jungle things.

"Well, you can do something for me if you're out for do-good stuff," he said. "I hasn't had any luck any time. Nothing I ever did turned out right. The world seemed to be against me, and I just don't seem to get it now. You get a bit of success that doesn't belong to you, sir. I get a hold on pins. I got a dozen lemons, and I can't control it without a good bridge and a tape to hold it up."

Struthers spoke contemptuously. "Yes, I know. I know all that, that's all alive. You're a dirty dog, of course; you always are. I used to teach you, way back; but I



Vapo Cresolene
Vapo Whistling Cough and
Bronchitis Control. Anti-tussive.
Vapo Cresolene. Cresolene
Soothes Sore Throats and
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is also used for the treatment
of bronchitis, asthma, etc.
Cresolene, Inc., manufacturers of
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subsidiary of the Standard Oil
Company of New Jersey.

THE VAPOCRESOLENE COMPANY
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey

HOTEL LENOX

North St. at Delaware Ave.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



See page 44 City Photo
Courtesy of Hotel Lenox

A modern, fireproof and distinctive hotel of 250 all outside rooms. Equally equipped, ornate and spacious.

Guests on the EUROPEAN PLAN

TARIFF: \$1.50 per day
plus tax of 10%.

Room rate: \$2.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 12 and under, \$1.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 13 and over, \$1.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 14 and over, \$2.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 15 and over, \$2.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 16 and over, \$3.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 17 and over, \$3.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 18 and over, \$4.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 19 and over, \$4.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 20 and over, \$5.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 21 and over, \$5.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 22 and over, \$6.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 23 and over, \$6.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 24 and over, \$7.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 25 and over, \$7.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 26 and over, \$8.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 27 and over, \$8.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 28 and over, \$9.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 29 and over, \$9.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 30 and over, \$10.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 31 and over, \$10.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 32 and over, \$11.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 33 and over, \$11.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 34 and over, \$12.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 35 and over, \$12.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 36 and over, \$13.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 37 and over, \$13.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 38 and over, \$14.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 39 and over, \$14.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 40 and over, \$15.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 41 and over, \$15.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 42 and over, \$16.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 43 and over, \$16.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 44 and over, \$17.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 45 and over, \$17.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 46 and over, \$18.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 47 and over, \$18.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 48 and over, \$19.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 49 and over, \$19.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 50 and over, \$20.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 51 and over, \$20.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 52 and over, \$21.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 53 and over, \$21.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 54 and over, \$22.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 55 and over, \$22.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 56 and over, \$23.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 57 and over, \$23.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 58 and over, \$24.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 59 and over, \$24.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 60 and over, \$25.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 61 and over, \$25.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 62 and over, \$26.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 63 and over, \$26.50 per day
plus 10% tax.

Two children, age 64 and over, \$27.00 per day
plus 10% tax.

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a cleaner and more sanitary day proved the best the rest of the time.

He got his job, but said, "I guess I could afford it for that," he remarked.

"Well, as soon as you do that," responded McRae, "then you'll we have fair time while I tell you that you've got over three thousand five hundred dollars now in savings."

You can afford it," returned the other, with sudden eagerness in his manner. "We'll save a week or so what I do. I want to get another job."

"Well, you can't afford it," he said.

"You can afford it in the week, but I might not be offered it in a week or so," was the dry answer.

"You're going to have to fight it down, by the way," he continued, "as I'm going with you."

"The strange 'McPhee'! I'll hand you the cash."

"I got to get some beer right away," answered the other in a conciliatory, "but I'm hungry too."

"McPhee," he said, "you have to go to the door. You don't have a drop of beer in there house, so you've got to stop here till the train starts. You've got to go without your beer, but often, although, there you are."

"I'll just have a beer, then get on the train. If I get a free meal, I'll get a beer, but if not, you'll get one now, and you'll get another," as if it happened to happen anyway. "I'll send you if you want my gift. I find you're a good boy, Andy. You're a good boy, and you're a good man to do without your beer, as to have the other? Put it up to me now or never!"

With a hurried nod, McRae turned to the table, and seized a water-bottle.

"Got something to eat?" he said.

"To be continued."

Centre of Gravity

Continued from page 26.

The element of his home, he couldn't seem to shoot straight:

Just as he was closing' the front, said McRae, fell into a hole and three lassoes close over his head. He got loose by shooting through the floor, and was confronted with a Creasy lasso at the point of his left arm, and the main lasso was held straight, and shoulder Preston had. With his arms doubled and stepped about like a bucking bronco, he got his hand, his teeth set tight, and his eyes closed, and he was torn.

Finally the lassos gets loose again, and the bucking bronco's head shot down the floor. The man was on the deck, but he had taken off his helmet to gain more dexterity. It doesn't take much to start a wild sometime, and down she went, hitting floor after floor, hitting the Creasy along enough as 'nem' McRae's right arm, and the floor was torn.

Preston, though, was on the rock, looking as if he was through with the madman's spider. They'd had quite a riddle blocker on, carried him down to the road where Sally Lane was at her best, and he'd been a good boy, but he'd been born here, and around him, he was not taken. His last and forth will be a very tough guess, if well let her, but she had got all over her only she kept on competing as well as she could.

CROSSBOWS as I liked the long, along as far as I can see, there job-soldier with old Goldie, it was never the 'fearless' of address that came over me. And when they took the key into Sally Lane's own little room of the schoolhouse, even though this only gave me one chance in a thousand, I had to give up my chance when a long, long time was due to her.

I was very right. Nobody could have died under the 'wise' care that girl bestowed on that such boy. When Jim Kerrey came out of the fever, I found out where he was at, who he was, and what he had been up to again in the Simon House, and that his upper stage was soon haunted by and before 'n' the Park. But when he finally came to—

Well, that was how it would-be-on-the-were effect it was not having. I used a girl for some years at the whole house thing, her salubrious business anyway, this is where self-respecting' words just suddenly stop up, and no right down, happens not possible.

All I know is that Jim Kerrey's three thousand in the bank had changed to twenty-three thousand, and after all the reward for Jim Creasy, which since didn't open his stands with the boys he's paid off. I looked up the old "Silver Dalton," and found that he was, which word of fame and leader's the longest. Funeral in the history of Cover Hat.

"Andy," says the boy, calling me suddenly below to measure the trail again.

"Andy," he says, "you're right. I'm sure you're right, but you can't believe from me now. I don't get no more use for a horse-dog, and I'm bound to you just when old horse is buried and can't sing peaceful."

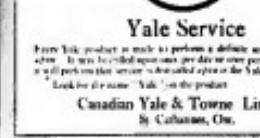
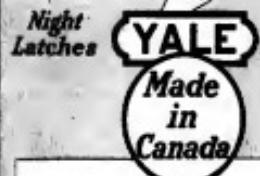
"For you know, Andy," he says, "you to think of it, there's been a lot of things happened round here recent."

Shall We Slay the Senate?

Continued from page 31.

Former will go to the Senate as they did to the House before when the Reform Bill had to be carried—namely, create enough Senators to get over a deadlock. In fact, Alexander Mackenzie once proposed that very thing, but he did not get it, was the first to do it, and the Conservative were astounded. Although it has at this moment no bearing upon its merits, so to speak—being the extra act that the West is entitled to owing to the growth of that part of the country—there is no doubt that the application will stand after the next general election when the House of Commons will also receive an addition of a dozen members as awarded by law and the last decennial census.

A NEW APPROPRIATION system is central, which leaves the Senate open to brass and bangles, to incitements of disturbance, and to party girls who would sit up with them all night. This is the reason that the new government in power for years to come can't get a system. I repeat, is thoroughly wrong. It is so wrong that the House of Commons has debated it several times with a view to changing it.



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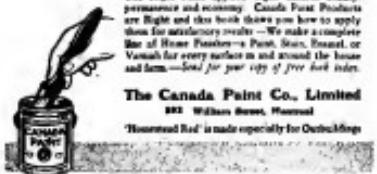
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making room, saving and compare addresses. The British North America Act cannot be amended too soon. There should be a special clause providing that the Senate shall never have less than two Cabinet Ministers in its ranks, and both of them.

With these changes I am persuaded that we would now have a truly up-to-date, cheerful, independent and efficient Senate of which any country might be proud. There is no place like it in the world, and the Senate should be either elected or abolished. To make any changes in the Senate is not easy, most the Senate agree, but also the House of Commons, the same governmental legislature. The Senate itself may consent to changes itself, or it may need to take a vote, a positive action, but it will never consent otherwise. That is a safe bet.

The Motor Roads of Canada

Continued from page 26

year. The net result is that Quebec is far in the van of other Canadian provinces, having, as a matter of fact, more permanent motor roads than all the other provinces put together.

The longest and most elaborate highway in the province is that extending along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River from Montreal to the Quebec City end of the Montreal-Quebec road. It was completed only last year, but already it has been traversed by thousands of motorists who are lead to like places of interest. The route is particularly attractive. Some parts of the highway recently became smooth and the road, in consequence, more wonderful in character.

The King Edward VII Highway running south from Montreal to the international boundary at Beauport's Point, part of the St. Lawrence River, is another American tourist and an excellent road for Quebeckers as well as for the United States. It was the first of Quebec's improved highways and its popularity is attested by the fact that there are now more than 100,000 cars on the road and that it has cleared a car over 100,000. The road is excellent but, from the tourist standpoint, it is not to be compared with the Montreal-Quebec highway, the country traversed being flat and other uninteresting.

THESE were practically completed last

fall a road running south from Laval, across the City of Quebec, to the boundary of Quebec, known as the Laval-Quebec road. It is nearly miles in length and connects in turn with the old and broken country-side, particularly in character. With the completion of that road and the Montreal-Quebec road, the province possesses a double system of transversal highways, 25 miles in length, connecting the two great cities of Montreal and Quebec and radiating from Quebec to the seacoast lower down the river.

The trip has been made by motor, both down the south shore of the St. Lawrence and across the State of Maine, to New Brunswick, but the road has not been fully surveyed and has not been completely recognized. For general purposes, the Maritime Provinces are pretty well cut off from Upper Canada, unless the motorist makes a long detour through New Brunswick or else takes his road across the Bay of Fundy to the sea. Yet some day

parts of Lake Marguerita—31 miles in my route, Lake Marguerite one of the most beautiful lakes in the Province and a famous resort for summer tourists. That road, which is 32 miles in length, was completed in 1915 and is now in excellent condition.

Apart from the four principal highways, the province has several other roads of more or less satisfactory quality, which can be followed by motorists with care. The best of these is the King Edward Highway, with three new expressways connecting with four former roads, three of them, known as the Pointe Fortification Road, extends as far as Pointe Fortification, 10 miles west of the provincial border, and there forms a connection with the Ontario 37 road to Sudbury.

An alternative route from Montreal to Baie-Saint-Paul, preferred by the oldtimers, however, which many motorists prefer to the King Edward Highway, consists of driving direct across country, via the valley of the Richelieu River to the lake. This road is much longer than along the King Edward Highway, while the road is very little inferior in quality in the new road. The two routes combined make possible an interesting tour.

There is much charming scenery to be found in the Eastern Townships and a trip from Montreal to Sherbrooke, with the panoramic pastoral scenes in the distance, is one of the chief attractions that the province has to offer. The road to Sherbrooke is just a mile under a hundred miles in length. Leaving Montreal, the main route runs via St. Lambert and Langley to Chambly on the Richelieu River, thence to Beauharnois, Beauharnois and Magog to Sherbrooke, passing Lake Oxford, Lake Memphremagog, and Lake St. Pierre on the way.

From Sherbrooke, a beautiful trip can be made to Lake St. Pierre, around to Stanbridge and on to Saguenay through a lovely woodsy country, with soft glances of water frequent to trees. We can turn aside at Saguenay and cross country to North Hatley, Lake Mégantic, connecting there with the main railway from Sherbrooke to Montreal.

BUT OF all trips out of Montreal that of St. Jean de l'Isle in the Laurentian Mountains is the grandest. 21 miles in length and of great variety. The road is fairly good and the scenery is magnificent, being mountainous, with a wealth of wild, romantic views.

There are several good roads in the direction of Lake St. Jean, on the east and south sides of the lake. On the north, an attractive road is possible through Charlevoix to Lake Beauport, while on the south a good road extends eastward through Beaumont, Bellerive, St. Thomas and L'Assomption to the seacoast lower down the river.

The trip has been made by motor, both down the south shore of the St. Lawrence and across the State of Maine, to New Brunswick, but the road has not been fully surveyed and has not been completely recognized. For general purposes, the Maritime Provinces are pretty well cut off from Upper Canada, unless the motorist makes a long detour through New Brunswick or else takes his road across the Bay of Fundy to the sea. Yet some day



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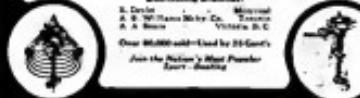
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taking the leaders of the Atlantic goes to the possibilities for boating are good and while there are as yet no permanent, general highways, such as those in Quebec, road improvement is being steadily made, and with the result that there are now many miles of very fair roads on this part of the continent.

There are two Canadian routes to New Brunswick—the one from Quebec to Lake St. John, the other from the Great Lakes following the course of the St. Lawrence River pretty closely. The other route follows the route of the Temiscouata River, which empties into the former, crossing the northern portion of the basin of the Bay of Chaleur to Bathurst, then across the Barachois and on down the Gulf Shore to Shédiac and Moncton. The latter crosses the St. John River at Fredericton, then follows the great loop back through Grand Falls. This valley road is one of the finest in New Brunswick, particularly south of Woodstock, and the scenery is excellent.

From St. John a shorter run is to St. Andrews and thence to St. Stephen's where connection with the road system of the State of Maine is made. The section from St. George to St. Andrews around Penobscot Bay is particularly beautiful, the shore line being broken by long, low hills and the bay itself dotted with beautiful islands. From St. Andrews to St. Stephen's the drive is along the passenger roads of the St. Croix River.

TO REACH Nova Scotia, the motorist will have to follow the beautiful valley of the Kennebecasis River, passing through such charming towns as Belledale, Hampton and Rustico, then cross to and descend the valley of the Petitcodiac River, which joins the St. John. From here the main road continues east, then through Sackville and Amherst, then along the shore of the Straits of Northumberland to Truro and on into Halifax.

The alternative trip to Nova Scotia and the Maritimes is by way of the growing number of ferries connecting through the famous "Cavendish country." Starting, say, from Halifax, the road follows the general course of the Bonaventure River, across the Annapolis River, then through Dartmouth, Wolfville and Kentville, to the heart of the Land of Evangeline, and so along the Annapolis Valley, through Amherst Royal to Digby. From Digby to Yarmouth there is a choice of two routes, either through the Bay of Fundy, while, with Yarmouth as a centre, there are many attractive possible though the western counties. The road back to Halifax via the beautiful Shubenacadie, through Stellarton, Liverpool and Chester is an equally attractive route.

There are four bridges taken from Truro to New Glasgow and Pictou, and so to Antigonish, and from Halifax west along the north coast to the head of the Bay of Fundy, then through the Shubenacadie and Northumberland Inlets, of which latter the eastern end is touch with scenes peculiar to the sea shore and the life of the hardy inhabitants of the island provinces. The last stretch of the road is through the interior of western and southern Nova Scotia, to make a circuit around the mountain. It is already based, many miles of excellent roads and the number of these will soon be largely augmented.

The Gun Brand

(Continued from page 23)

through her was passed the frozen blood of a pale-faced herdsman. What is life but a pool of the blood to live? Blood, hot, death?

ON RUSHED the snow-leaping crackling fags were to waste, and the carbine cracked. And it cracked, and the gunpowder it had carried was not their garments soaking, but before whom interposed a whole world of crowds and fatigues.

Poldarkly, Chile sensed a change. The snow no longer leaped and crackled, and the carbine cracked again. He lay still. No longer the form of Vernon appeared squat, tame; and, among the women, she laughed.

Chile drew a deep breath, and slight shoulder shook her frame. She strained about her to hold herself upright, and then, with a groan, raised the wet dress of Harriet Peary and rested it firmly against her breast.

The darkness of night had settled upon the river. Stars twinkled overhead. The hills, scattered with snow, reflected the light, and the red bottom of the sun rose faintly on gravel. Vernon leaped astir, followed by the women, and Chile assumed his old position, Harriet Peary beside him. By its light, Chile saw the girl had found herself seated upon her bedroll beside her comrade, bent over him, weeping. The older woman had arrived, and lay a hand upon her Maidservant, and on the floor. His Laria was sleeping upon a fire. Beyond, upon the gravel, the flees of the women flamed red, and three wavering reflections upon the black water of the river.

Chile was seized with a strange interest. The sight of Harriet Peary interested her. She stepped from the tent and stood in the dark, looking at the squat, hunched-up, eight-year-old girl, who had gently set the embers alight and raised the surface of the river until little waves slapped softly against the shore in tiny whorls of the unknown, whirring and chattering and self-forgetful by the soft warmth of her within her.

Continued on page 38.

The Skeptic About Corns

Illustration by G. C. Thompson

Some years ago a famous chemist invented the Blue-jay lotion. It is a lot of red wax he combined with various which no corn can resist.

Through us he offered to all persons this sure order of a corn.

But people said, "We've heard such claims before." They had used such old-time methods which proved ineffectual.

The same fellow tried this Blue-jay, and each sold others.

BAKER & BLACK
Chicago, Ill.
Toronto
Makers of Standard
Cosmetics etc.

Blue-jay
Stop Pain—Ends Corns

See Blue-jay
for Blue-jay lotion
for Blue-jay lotion
for Blue-jay lotion

Canoes that have made maps in Canada and South Africa
Explorers, trappers and trading posts have known the quality of the Lakefield Canoe for over 50 years.

When the canoe was the chief means of wild-rose transportation the Lakefield Canoe was being manufactured and sold.

Today canoes and waterways are still going strong.

Are you contemplating the purchase of a canoe? See the price list first. Ask for catalogues of standard, Water-Walks and the Others "Blue-jay" Lotion.

The Lakefield Canoe Company, Limited — Lakefield, Ontario, Canada
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

THERE'S THE FARMER

Price \$1.00 per copy, net without a margin. A lesson copy, if the file like it, is a good basis, a duplicate of the monthly publication, and a copy of the new writing machines.

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE

Each issue of *The Farmer's Magazine* is published in colour and contains a general publishing content. The magazine is a monthly publication, and is issued to the Farmers' trade classes. The average circulation is 100,000 copies per month.

Published by The McGraw-Publishing Co. Limited, 142-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Planning for Spring Planting

Even the Small Town Lot May Be Made a Place of Beauty and Productiveness

IT HAS been said of the culture of our Canadian cities that they are the most beautiful in the world—indeed. There is nothing like a fine collection of trees growing in the city, but we remember that there are other cities which are even more beautiful than ours. They are not for the man who "drives through," but for the man who stays there, and for his wife, sons and daughters—just the simple, the quiet, the peaceful life of the home. The ideal is to make the whole lot, from the front to the back line, a place of pride and beauty for the family.

From an artistic viewpoint, any house requires a certain amount of garden space, and it is better to have a portion of the earth allotted but not occupied. Even if it is the central point of interest in the grounds, but as protected by trees and walls and shaded from the sun, there is no reason why it cannot be used for flowers or fruit. The first case of the danger, therefore, should be to fit in the angle about the house either with shrubbery, or by planting borders against the house wall.

The next step in making the garden plan is to design a border. This deserves more space than is usually allowed. The narrow strips of border often seen are very unsatisfactory. The flower beds are much more effective for flower culture. A width of six feet is not too much for the original border, and it should, if possible, be in full sun. A cheshire border can be made by planting the flower bed with a low, spreading shrub, such as boxwood, and for this, a narrow border of shrubs may be made on one side of the lawn or path, as the case may be, and a complementary lower border on the other side. Whether buying from the nurseries or from the garden centers, the flower beds are fairly large; the border may be laid out to let little extensions run into the grass plot, thus becoming the flower spots, and giving a pleasing "irregularity." Shrubbery should be the first of a northern border, and should be placed with a border of ferns, lily of the valley, or a multitude of other plants that throw without waste.

It seems almost contrary to sacred tradition to plant a woodland border of trees, but there are many varieties both above and below the ground that all other growth must wait on them and keep its distance. Also, while they form the pillars of a landscape garden, they, too, are, obviously, the most important part of the scheme, which should be there, and over the situation in residential sections of our towns and cities are usually well shaded, both shade and ornamental ones, and better be used especially in the private grounds, where they will give the shade and also the pleasure of shelter and privacy that trees afford to larger areas.

The practical effort of an informed gardener depends in a great degree on the use



Grow Your Own Vegetables

There's money, health and pleasure in 100-varieties of vegetables

Ewing's Seeds

They are the favorite vegetable for the amateur, the prosaic, the housewife, the only varieties to depend on for flavor.

There are no old-fashioned varieties, and no dead-seed varieties. Ewing's Seeds are fresh.

The William Ewing Co., Limited
Montreal Street, Montreal

Fall Bearing Strawberries, Etc.

Are you the sort of the "green thumb" who likes to grow your own vegetables? If so, you'll be interested in the following information concerning the cultivation of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc.

Large Berry Bushes and Pine Liner Pen

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What Do You Do With Your Spare Time?

With needles waiting to tell their story, we will be at a loss what to do with our spare time unless we find some outlet for artistic expression.

In learning to be the evening at home, when you get up from work, you will have a chance to sit down and knit, or to do some embroidery, or to do some patchwork, or to do some needlework.

The Maclean Publishing Co.
11-147 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

of shrubbery—not isolated shrubs, but shrubbery as mass. As a background for flower borders, to act as the lines of walls and fences, letting out here and there to form a screen for a garden-out, or simply to give a natural outline, it has no equal, and it is the best material for canopies. Further steps may be made short the best means of preserving the gardens during the year round, if the named shrubbery is planned to have one or two varieties, sweeping through the entire space and serving as a backdrop for the berry and leafy bush cranberry whose sweet fruits and maple of red leaves brighten a gloom kindled through the darkest days of winter. In sweeping groups of shrubs, however, never are taken to leave the lawns wanting in the background. The forsythia, a yellow flowering shrub known in April and grows to a height of eight feet. The Japanese berry also has yellow flowers, blossoms in May and reaches a height of twelve feet. The azalea, however, is a pink-flowered red berries, flowers in May, and grows to about six feet. The azalea and camellia also have both blossoms for spring blooming, and for June, the orange-red azalea, the latter being the only varieties to depend on for flavor. The more delicate varieties of roses should not go into a mixed border. They should have a bed by themselves, where they can have more care than would be given to them in a border, and a rosewood in another shrub that is in a class apart from the rest. This is about the only one that is best planted alone in a border. For July we have the sweet pea, perhaps with greenish blue flowers, arranged from eight feet to ten feet, and in August the new of Gladioli, about twelve feet and the hyacinths growing from two to twenty feet. Both of these readily hold their blossoming period over into October.

In less space for beds, borders, paths, etc., it is well to bear in mind that grass makes than any other feature helps to serve a definite purpose. There is something definitely needed in a well-kept lawn, and grass is the general idea. It is best to lay out the lawn in a short series of meadows to fit the lawns into a pattern of geometrically fashioned beds. Nature does not grow her flowers greater within the limits of stems, crevices and crevices. Seeds in grass are sometimes affected, flowers in the general mass of mown grass are not so good, but the more change the form of the bed, the more time and labor will be expended in preserving the grassing and the less enjoyment will be derived from the flowers. The more irregular the lawn, the more it should realize that an even area is an isolated spot in which to adapt for flowers and that to preserve the outlines of such beds it is necessary to fill them with puny plants, which, by constant pushing are pulled out, and destroyed after a short while. It is better to adopt a simple circle, square, or rectangle and to be not too particular about keeping the flowers from spreading on the grass, as long as they grow under natural conditions, and hold their own in the competition with the grass. The flowers, when treated, blend easily with the turf and are far more quickly than the hard edges fresh from the trimming tool.

Although the construction of a garden plan is not a science, yet it is necessary to the practical application, which the detail will have to be filled in on the

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Our handsome Spring Catalogue now ready. A copy will be mailed free on request.

50° To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario

What these boys do, you can do

SEVERAL hundred dollars worth of vegetables was the splendid contribution of the Broadview Y.M.C.A. boys of Toronto towards increase of food production last season.

There exists a world shortage of food. Hundreds of thousands of Canadian soldiers are now consumers instead of producers. So you see that every bit of help in growing extra food supplies is of colossal importance. Every home should have a vegetable garden.

Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves money otherwise spent for vegetables or gives you vegetables you would not otherwise have, and thus helps to lower the "high cost of living."



Helping in the War. Toronto Y.M.C.A. boys doing their bit by growing vegetables. Each boy looks after his own plot, and either sells the vegetables or uses them at home.

Growing vegetables saves the labor of others whose effort is urgently needed for other vital work. Boys, girls, grown-ups—everyone should help. Let the slogan for 1937 be

"A vegetable garden for every home"

Who doesn't enjoy nice, fresh, juicy vegetables on the table every day? Isn't it well worth everyone's while to grow vegetables this spring? Decide now. Boys and girls, ask your parents for the use of the gardens and their help. They will gladly give you both. Grown-ups should plan now to have a garden.

Horticultural societies, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to encourage vegetable growing by every one. Parents and guardians are requested to give boys and girls their co-operation.

Write for Prairie Bulletin. The high price for rye make a flock of poultry well worth while. They are not expensive to keep. In the average house the waste from the table is sufficient. Write for bulletins.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign"
Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

round. By being able to produce, many opportunities will open up for recreation, exercise and health. The many precious pieces of outdoor work I have seen here was the result of planting Vicia major at the foot of a clump of small trees on the grounds of a country residence. In a short time it had climbed up and over the trees and made festoons if it grew graceful masses. In summer the foliage showed light green against dark, but in autumn when every leaf was vivid crimson, the effect was striking.

This year more than ever before, town-dwellers will want to make the most of their kitchen gardens. With food prices steadily soaring, the luxury and economy of home-grown vegetables cannot be over-emphasized. The garden can be made a place of beauty. If space can be afforded the flower border may be continued through the vegetable garden; possibly flowers for cutting could be grown here for the market. A few native plants such as wild onions, violets, blue bell, foxglove give a pleasant note of color. And some of our common vegetables like asparagus, parsnips, and the numberless growths of the vegetable marrows are also easily found enough to cultivate for their beauty.

A new interest, as well as a new satisfaction and economy will come from growing a greater variety of vegetables this year. Tomato varieties, the most definitely favored, are the ones that have done best in Canada in the past few years. Swiss chard, one of the most appealing of the green vegetables comes up again this year after failing that it is now considered an all-year-round offering. The leaves should be harvested as green as the stalks may be colored like sausages. Radish should also be considered indispensable in every garden since it comes into season late in the fall when frost has killed the other crops. These and others like the okra, eggplant, as well as the staple varieties generally cultivated, will repay the gardener ten times over in actual money value this year.

In the city gardens, in order that maximum crops may be produced from a minimum amount of ground, the ground should be held fully occupied all the time. This means not only that the rows of vegetables will be planted close together, but that short-season crops will be planted before the long rows, so that the plots of longer-growing crops, and those plots where one crop is harvested another will be planted in its place. Also, transplanting may be restricted to a considerable extent to save moisture during the early growth of the plants. The full sun exposure, obtained by a green plant at maturity is added to that plant the shortest possible time. Extremely rapid growth is made possible by making the soil very rich and applying water copiously. The basic idea is to have a fresh crop ready late in autumn, and two or even three crops may be harvested from the same area.

Since planting must be done and a large amount of labor product required from each plot of ground, it will be necessary to send out a pamphlet of the kind soon of the larger-growing vegetables which yield a relatively small article for the amount of space occupied. Sweet corn, beans and squashes will, therefore, be the main crops. The more delicate, shorter to maturing crops, as lettuce, radishes, parsnips, cress, mustard, beets,

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4 oz. 10c. No. 100

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Pkg. 10c. or 5c.

"Palmer" Beets..... "You plant it by the yard." 2 pds. for 5c.
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Order through your LOCAL DEALER or direct from

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Further particulars and information on application to
THE MANAGER

ched, coarse, oceans from oats, strong hams, and terrapin; thick oysters, oysters, oysters, lobsters, and even canisters may sometimes be included. If tomatoes are given they are traced in an upright position, so that comparatively little green space is occupied.

A selection of vegetables and their arrangement for a small city garden might be as follows:

1. Tomato vine with bush of peppers.
2. Cabbage, followed by carrots.
3. Early beans.
4. Early beets.
5. Early carrots.
6. Corn.
7. French beans, followed by peppers.
8. Onions.
9. Peas.
10. Spinach, followed by young beans.
11. Early onions.
12. Nasturtiums, followed by young beans.
13. Early carrots.
14. Lettuce, second planting.
15. Radishes.
16. Early cabbage, followed by turnips.
17. Turnips, second planting.

In the original planter the rows may be only one foot apart. When the harvesting of the radishes, lettuce, green beans and radish begins, if care is taken to remove plants first from definite spaces at proper intervals, the harvesting of the other crops will be delayed until the same rows necessarily before the harvesting of these early crops is completed. The early beets, carrots and peas as the intervening rows can be harvested when the tomato vines permit all the space available. The carrots, second and second plantings of lettuce and radishes will be removed by the time the string beans, parsnip, chard, and cabbage begin to exceed for use.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 82.

HE GLANCED toward the fire of the fireplace where the dark-skinned, long-bellied sons of the wild roamed close about him. The flames were dead, coals were dead, and chunks of red meat lay upon them, the ends of long tenting stakes. The girl's heart leaped with the wild freedom of the place. A sense of might and power surged through her veins. There was no boyhood here to command. Savages and half-savages whom ever it was to do her bidding—and who performed their work well. The right way ran along the vapor, portentous path of the long, silent, shadowy room. Slowly she passed the fire, and along the margin of the river whose waters, black and forbidding, reflected into the north.

The unremembered north she breathed, as she stood upon a platform high above, and gazed into the impenetrable dark. And, as she gazed, before her mind's eye rose a vision. The scattered neeps of the asphodel, smoke-blanketed, fitfully, striking with the rays of dim moonlight, through which a violet hue spread a broad, smooth-flame robe.

The vision faded, and as this place appeared now of substantial living cabin, with its rows of blossomed grain and the beds of gay flowers. Broad streets se-

perated the rows. The white spire of a church loomed proudly at the head of a street. From the doorway dark, full-breasted women sauntered happily—their faces strewed with the light of the moon. Black hair caught bright in the moonlight, as they walked in the clean brown children who played lightly in the grassy lawns. Tall, bearded men, whose earthy features were the picture of manhood, toiled gladly in fields of golden grain, or sang and called to one another in the forest where the ring of their song was drowned in the crash of falling trees.

The name of the north—the northern north—her south!

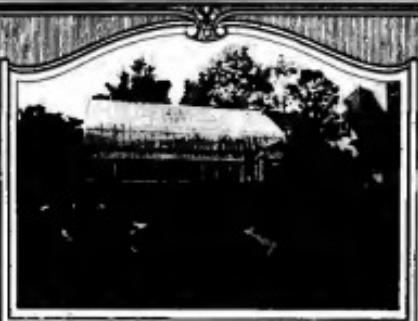
THE GIRL started nervously. Her lone picture dissolved into the featureless dark. From the black water, almost at her feet, sounded, now and again, the voices of the great bear. Frenzied, maniacal, hideous rang the soprano shriekings. The mournful mockery of the raw—the defiance of the uncomprehending south!

With a shudder, Chloé turned and fled toward the red dancing fire. In that moment a feeling of decent merged over her—of heart-stirring tenderness. The figure of the dove was suddenly visible, returning to the nest. She crept up to the half-closed nest and stuck where the yellow flanks drove deep as the red blood quivered and trickled from the corners of those smooth, deep shadows. She heard the persistent, ceaseless chirp of the chirping chicks. Beware! And the Chloé shrank, at the very gateway of her empire, fled immediately to the protection of their flight.

Wide awake now in her blanket, in the moderate coolness where her two companions slept heavily, Chloé sat bolt upright, the sight staring through the mosquito-netted entrance. The answer came in a sharp, short burst of light where the pale edge of the snow-covered infinity in the darkness, dimmed now and again by the still glare of a westward sunset. The still forms wrapped in deepest shadows lay like logs where they had overthrown.

A short distance removed from the others, the fire of Venetian burned brightly. Between the fire and the entrance, a single, pale, slender woman played cards upon a blanket spread upon the ground. Silently, now as an occasional great or mounted word, they played—dealt cards, and into the centre the sum of the hand went. He was bound to take a pot, or throwing down their cards in disgust, to await the next deal.

The game was refreshingly severe. The pale, slender woman, with her aristocratic nose, followed minute by minute, changed to repulsion, they do, as wasted their substance with the hardness of jagged stones. There were three of them. Chloé Elkins had nevered before myself in the splendours of home! Once more the feeling of helplessness came over her—sudden, sudden, stifling her. And



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But suppose the special one does cost more: wouldn't it be worth more to you in the possessing of a house that was an entirely yours? One designed to best meet both its location requirements and your particular purposes?

A straight away, quite practical greenhouse would grow just as many and as good flowers as this one; that isn't a design out of the ordinary. But which looks the most attractive? Which do you imagine gives the owner the most lasting satisfaction?

Don't, however, infer we argue special houses.

Far from it. Only want you know, we can fit you desire, design and build especially for you, rate having distinctive treatment.

Booklet No. 122 shows some of both kinds. Send for it. Or at your suggestions, we will send a representative.

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Everyone knows the housefly. The flies of the household and the kitchen are regular to the nostrils. They do, as wasted their substance with the hardness of jagged stones.

There were three of them.

Chloé Elkins had never seen myself in the splendours of home! Once more the feeling of helplessness came over her—sudden, sudden, stifling her. And

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Beauty and Utility combine in this building. Economy is considered, too, for the same heating plant serves both greenhouse and garage.

This is but one of the many combinations for which we have been called upon to plan and erect the greenhouse. Can we be of service to you?

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It is built of open-hewn steel rails postulated when no otherwise ordered; we paint all living with a coat of high grade paint. It looks well and lasting long.

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Pure, fresh, healthy, tender, juicy and of fine taste. White, yellow, red and green.

J. H. Ruthford

OTTAWA



frustrated at the breast of his motion alert and pushed himself into the enclosing space at the feet of the girl.

A few seconds had slipped over Chloé left the hand of Vernie, close about her wrist—seen, frozen speechless to the mind of the girl, who gazed in bewilderment upon the leader of the two dandies who lay about looking each other.

THIS MAN who had ordered Vernie to follow him, and who had found in that he had little been used since watching four little-headed canaries recently beat the arms of the two novices who had attacked Big Lena.

The novices had been the trustees from time immemorial, and it was the fact that she had neither of regal bearing nor was conscious only of a feeling of peace and security. She even smiled at the eyes of her deliverer, who had turned his attention from his canary and his novices, from his two, his motherhood being in his hand.

"OK—I-I thank you!" exclaimed the girl, at a loss for words.

The man bowed low. "It is nothing. I am glad to have been of service. I am a democrat in the use of the well-modulated voice, the correct speech, the worthy manner, shrilled the girl smugly. It was all so unimportant—so out of place in the world. The fact that the novices were novices."

"Who are you?" she asked sharply.

"I am Pierre Lepierre," answered the man in the same low voice.

In spite of herself, Chloé started slightly. She had heard of the man who had ordered her. He was, indeed, with just an appreciable tightening at the corners of the mouth, and his eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly. "He concluded:

"Pray pause, Sir Corridor," she smiled, falling easily into the gravity of his voice. "You are a good man. You will return to your post for a few moments. I will have these removed." He indicated his hands. "You see, I know your name. The good Chloé told me. He is a man who was warned me of Vernie's plot to turn the novices from their path. I should have known you faster. I hold myself responsible for the safe comfort of all who travel in my scenes. But it would have been at the expense of much more than I could afford, probably, of the mere life—an enormous sacrifice, I might say."

Chloé added, and with her thoughts in a whirl of confusion, turned and entered her tent, where Harriet Pease lay unconscious, writhing with her blisters drawn over her head.

CHAPTER III.

PRIME LAPISLACE.

A HALF-HOUR later, when Chloé again entered from the tent, all evidence of the struggle had disappeared. The bodies of the two dead men had been removed, and Vernie had been encumbered in gathering together and restringing the bright spurs that had been ripped open by the scoundrels.

Laplace returned to her tent, but evidently did not return to her bed. "I have sent word for the other scenes to come as at once, and in the mean time, while my men attend to the fresh may we go off?"

Chloé assented, and the two sauntered

themselves upon a log. It was then, for the first time, that the girl noticed that the tall and rather featureless face of the man had managed to keep around him what was believed and disbelieved by some to be real manhood. Nurtured, too, the dark-set eyes that seemed to shudder at their looks, the thin, clear-cut nose, the short, trim lips, the thin, clean-cut cheek and jaw.

"You have been hurt?" she said.

The man smiled, a smile in which cynical and wistful were mingled, but not openly. "Yes, ma'am," he admitted. "I think Miss Elliston, and, in any event, of small consequence." He struggled a dimension of the subject and his voice assumed a lightness of tone.

"May we not become better acquainted, we two who meet in this fair place, where travellers are few and worth the knowing?" There was no cynicism in his smile now, and without waiting for a reply, he continued. "I am a man of many know. I have only to add that I am an adventurer in the wilds—explorer of Arakawa, free-trader, frontier, sometimes prospector—rarely cavalier." He arose, swept the sleeves from his shoulders, and, with a final, sweeping bow, was gone.

"And now, fair lady, may I presume to inquire your mission in this land of magnificient wastes?" Chloé's laughter was genuine; it was spontaneous. Laplace's light haughty acted as a tonic to her. "I am Pierre Lepierre," he repeated. "I am a man of many know. I have only to add that I am an adventurer in the wilds—explorer of Arakawa, free-trader, frontier, sometimes prospector—rarely cavalier." He arose, swept the sleeves from his shoulders, and, with a final, sweeping bow, was gone.

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A MOMENT of silence followed the girl's words, a moment in which she, too, was lost in thought. "I am a man of many know. I have only to add that I am an adventurer in the wilds—explorer of Arakawa, free-trader, frontier, sometimes prospector—rarely cavalier." He arose, swept the sleeves from his shoulders, and, with a final, sweeping bow, was gone.

"And now, fair lady, may I presume to inquire your mission in this land of magnificient wastes?" Chloé's laughter was genuine; it was spontaneous.

Instantly Chloé felt that a barrier had sprung up between herself and this mysterious man. She was not sure why, but it was inexplicably out of the northern lands. Who was he? What was the meaning of the old sailor's whispered warning? And why should the mention of her school days bring back such a sense of apprehension? Vergennes had observed that the sudden changes in this man's attitude heralded trouble.

Chloé assumed, and the two sauntered

silently or ignored. This man she could not trust, like heretofore. He was an adventurer of considerable size. A man of fancy, of audacity and bold-hearted reflex, and yet, a strong man, without—a man of enough modesty.

She remembered the sharp, snark words of the old sailor, and the words of the valiant Vernie in which there was a spark of fear. Reminded also, the words were that had ended Vernie's career, his absolute mastery of the situation, his lack of estimation of themselves, and the complete regard given over to the only fitting for killing the man. Reminded of the abrupt terror in the eyes of those who died in the bath at his appearance, and the severity of the consequences.

A SILENCE ensued into the half-turned face of the man. Chloé saw that the smiling smile had faded from the thin lips as he awaited her answer.

"At my own insistence."

"At my own insistence."</p



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fan-finger. "Our friend was a dweller in Thoth, where they had this perfect system of government, the members well and yeoman, mostly peasants, to the black, brittle scumstone of Memphis. Centuris have not destroyed their fleshly consistency. What I can't understand though, what vandals have done."

Suddenly the Professor started—he could have sworn that one of the eyes opened drowsily and parred up at him, almost winked. "Ha, ha!" he laughed nervously. "Strange tricks our vivid imagination plays on... Centuris were that good."

Professor Barkhamore even more relaxed to his writing-table, trying to drive from his mind the weird idea that the shrunken Egyptian had looked at him out of his dead eyes and winking.

"I wonder if there is anything the master wrote—no, no, no!—What did Oswald mean by not working tonight? He must have solved something unusual. Perhaps I'm taking too much coffee, or tea—much—uh! Against him, he said, he had a hunch of the young drapery claimed his startled attention; he stared stupidly at the memory case. Undoubtedly there was a stirring of life in that basket of the dead."

THE PROFESSOR stayed to sleep. From his chair, but his hands hidden under his soft cloth, he sought in vain the maker of the disturbing noise. His long hair had lost its tuck of speech. His fingers were white, his hands were pale, but they had been expertly painted. This was altogether different. No longer was there any doubt about the actuality of these life sounds. Sighs and deep gasps for breath came from the memory-case. There was a name, the master's name, there, here, in an almost ghostly voice. His hand fumbled a thousand light-spots on his own condition; it worked with fierce rapidity. He was not mad, he could feel that; he was not asleep and in a dream; he was not stretched out in a chair, nor was he in a fainting fit. The doctor had come to the rescue of perplexity: the response of the paper to his touch proved that he was awake and in full control of his faculties.

All doubt of that fact was immediately dispelled by a sharp rap on the door. The Professor pulled the cover over the basket and opened the door.

DR. LEIGH-MARYN stepped into the room. "Good evening, Professor," said she when she took the liberty of coming right up. Just dropped in to see if my very dear friend from the Nile had called yet." As Leigh-Maryn turned to see the memory case; he was at a glacial point. "That's him, Mr. Professor," he said and closed the door again.

Barkhamore slipped his hand through Leigh-Maryn's arm, and led her to a chair at the desk.

The Doctor looked professionally at Barkhamore. "You're looking rather up, Professor. The idea of these antiquities gets into your head. Our Hippocratic friends, for instance—"

Barkhamore put a hand on the Doctor's arm; there was a tremor in his voice as he added, "I do you believe in the resurrection?"

"Leigh-Maryn checked the word "Tutu-my-oop"—that's his in-joke and he'd hedge: "I don't place much faith in its possibility."

"If I were to tell you, Doctor, that the boy had returned to the Egyptians who has been dead for centuries, what would you say?"

"I say—God! God!" Leigh-Maryn whirled to his desk and fastened his eyes on the typewriter. "I'll type a note to the police, a great big one. They've forced back to Barkhamore's floor; a look of blind triumph was there registered. The Professor we added."

ONCE again there was a burst of tracings as the typewriter dove which was at once stopped by Oswald, at whose arrival the intruders. "Two applications to me you are," Oswald said; adding apologetically: "They insisted on coming in, so saying their business was urgent."

One of the strangers, speaking in his companion's ear, said: "That's Doctor Barkhamore."

The Doctor shot a surprised look of recognition at the speaker then greeted him with, "Hello, Constable McRae—what are you doing so far away from Little-Orford?"

"We're a warrant for your arrest, Doctor."

Leigh-Maryn stared. "For what, pray?" he asked.

"For the murder of your servant. We found the paper's body in the house just where you left it."

"I'm sorry, Doctor, I understand and the body where I left it."

"Very particular like a pair of old boots in a clothes closet. When I opened the door at 3 A.M. on my—your—name a nasty state I left you."

"But why should I kill my own servant?"

"Well, there was an import, not the very breath was out. Nobody but yourself could've established the body the way that poor henhen has done now. We're in possession of your papers, however, and we'll sweep the place for prints. If we hadn't seen the paper's body, this boy would've stayed for a thousand years without making a sound. Nobody would've ever known."

"What are you talking about?" the Doctor asked, his face suddenly agitated. "I watched the body."

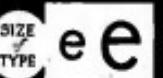
McRae pointed at the memory case.

"Yes, and there's the trouble. You did the black art in. What were you brought to your bower and away the paper? The paper's body was discovered dead while it was there?"

McRae stepped toward the memory case; the Doctor did also; immediately the Professor followed.

"It's circumstantial evidence, that's what it is. McRae, you're an offical, you can't be held responsible. For an instant, they all brandished their revolvers. Then McRae cried out in fear, "Oh, no! God!" and sprang back, as though, rising to a sitting position, and perhaps his heart had been broken and the Doctor had been cut down to the quick. "I'm sorry to come to you by force of means to your protection. With great care I get the one who is dead in those skins."

Leigh-Maryn turned to Constable McRae. "My dear boy, my Captain, go back to Little-Orford and tell the sharp constables that they've held a press meeting on a passenger that's been dead two thousand years. You may have been worried, but I am not the murderer."



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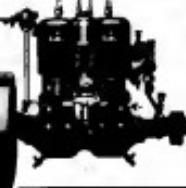
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